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# WHITHER GOEST THOU, PAUL?

*Mary L. Greenler, '40*

**P**AUL VINCENT CARROLL is a new star in the brilliant universe of playwrights. Although but forty years old he has achieved a renown of international prominence, and has also been the target for an equally extended barrage of criticism. He welcomes both after the lean years of indifference. In 1931 the first step in his theatrical success was made by "The Watched Pot." "Things That Are Caesar's" played in 1932, confirmed his growing popularity. The great glory of his career gleamed in 1934 with the brilliance of "Shadow And Substance." This production guaranteed Carroll's place as a dramatist. "The White Steed" that followed after an interval of four years has challenged the fame of its predecessor. His newest so-called comedy, "Kindred," is playing now in New York. Its theme has the critics baffled, so they turn from the play to the actors, and are safe in their loud encomiums of Aline McMahon, and Barry Fitzgerald.

So meteoric has been Carroll's rise to fame that many who have praised his plays have not yet been able to learn much about the man. The environment of his childhood and of his youth vitally affected his philosophy of life. He retained his early impressions and reproduced them when he began to write. He was born in the outskirts of Dundalk, County Louth in 1900. Up to the age of fourteen, he imbibed the culture of his father, a country schoolmaster, whose life in the local school was "continual battle with successive parish priests." It was during this period that Carroll developed much disdain for the so-called 'society' of the small Irish villages. The men and women to whom

the town's populace looked up, were to the boy, a conglomeration of illiterate gossips. He resented their domination, and was glad to go to Dublin in 1914, where he studied to be a teacher. In "Shadow And Substance" and in "The White Steed," this small-town aristocracy appears in all its thin disguise. Dublin matured Carroll mentally and enriched his experience. He stood on the Dublin streets in horror-struck immobility during the wanton attacks and murder of the flower of Irish chivalry in the Easter Rebellion of 1916. The Abbey Theatre was his goal. He attained that end, and was tucked dramatically safe under the protecting wings of Yeats; a good thing for his artistry; a questionable thing for his choice of cultural values.

Carroll does not write for his own enjoyment alone, nor does he write chiefly for material recompense. As he said, "I began teaching in Glasgow in 1921, and am still there. I had two shillings and twopence when I landed. At the present moment, I have two and tenpence. If ever anyone asks you what is the difference between a playwright and an Irish playwright, that's the answer." His aim in writing is to show the spiritual emergence of the Irish race, which he saw evidence of in the stern reality of the 1916 Rebellion; to play his part in an Irish dramatic revival. He returned to Dundalk in 1920, and found his home town devoid of culture, ignorant of the fact that Ireland's writers and poets were making their names and the name of Ireland famous by their artistry. Similar to the fabled Ossian of "The White Steed," he returned to a native land whose heroes had all passed on. On the throne of social supremacy sat a condescending group of pseudo-aristocrats. We hear Carroll speaking in the words of the rebel schoolmaster in "Shadow And Substance," and in the words of Canon

Matt Lavelle in "The White Steed," in opposition to the respective views of Canon Skerritt and Father Shaughnessy. These latter are non-understandable clerics of the true Irish spirit; the one errs through over-intellectuality, the other through puritanical zeal untempered by that touch of human nature that makes the whole world kin.

The years in Scotland gave Carroll his admiration for the impartial system of Scotch education and the utter separation of Church and State authority. His ideas germinated in this seed ground; and he coupled these with his denunciation of the Irish system of education, and his plays bore the fruit of this planting. This gave a rare hunting ground to the critic pack who ran on the scent of Carroll's being a traitor to the honor of his religion and of his race. They write of Carroll as a renegade who uses his art to belittle his Church and his people. This accusation is probably the most deeply felt by Carroll, for he has dedicated his life and his genius to the improvement of Irish culture, as it is given to him to see it. At bottom, he is sincere.

Carroll trusts implicitly in human nature. He believes that to try to make of a person something he cannot be is to ruin him by sham and superficiality; wise guidance would draw out his hidden talent and virtue. He finds beauty in the crudest speech when he knows it to be sincere, coming from the soul. He might say to us as does his Canon to Father Shaughnessy; "You think I'm an oul' fool, because I speak to my people in their own language, but instead I am what Christ cautioned us to be, as simple as a dove, but as wise as a serpent." The miserable end of Father Shaughnessy's Vigilance Committee proved what the lovable old pastor had long known from experience, that people will not be dragooned into doing right.

The reputation of Irish women as the purest and most



faithful women on the face of the earth is preserved by Carroll with meticulous care and gallantry. Brigid torn between loyalty to the causes typified by the schoolmaster and the Canon, prays earnestly, and ultimately gives her life for their reconciliation and understanding. Nora's racial pride springs up in her revolt against the usurpation of authority and unjust oppression. "There's always been one in Ireland who thought the whole of life was in a word."

The author's well-founded and significant symbolism is clear. In "Shadow And Substance," Brigid is the spirit of the Irish nation, pure, trusting, and free. Her spirit is crushed by the conflicting personalities in the play, the Canon and the schoolmaster. The unsolved problem persists at the end of the drama. "The White Steed" is also symbolic. Carroll recalls the ancient legend of Ossian, the son of Finn, who was transformed by the charming Niam into a man of strength and beauty, whom no man, nor even Death could harm. He rode away with her on her white steed and lived three hundred years in the Land of Youth. When he returned to the land of his birth, he became disdainful of the miserable little race of men he found there. Falling accidentally from the white steed, his glory shriveled, and he was consumed into the dust whence he came. In the drama, Nora Fintry represents the beautiful Niam, who makes a new man of the depraved Dennis Dillon. Inspired by her courage and trusting in her ideals, he lifts himself up and clings firmly to her white steed. But Nora is not another "Cathleen ni Houlihan," nor is she another "Dark Rosaleen." She is, I think, a modern termagant, though she aims to be the impersonation of the lovely Niam of the Land of Youth. I fear that frame dwarfs her picture.



Carroll knows and understands his characters. He loves the things and the people he writes about. His mind has always been filled with the currents and cross-currents of the mental struggles going on in the hidden Ireland we Americans know nothing about. In structure, the plays are apparently simple. A single main plot is obvious from the opening speeches. The conflict, a personal conflict, is clearly defined. The language is typically Irish in structure and in rhythm. Only one born and bred in Ireland could so accurately reproduce the charming dialect and musical phrasing of the Irish tongue. Generous samples of wholesome and fine Irish wit brighten the action. The suspense continues until the very end. Who could have foreseen what Dennis Dillon's final decision would be; or whether Brigid's love and faith would touch Canon Skerritt to relent and bend his stubborn will? Carroll creates no character meaninglessly. For every line, he has a purpose. He never pretends to be on a higher level of intelligence from which he must needs stoop to his readers' level. Even in his plays for children (and there, I think, is the real Carroll) he gives significance to the action, trusting the young minds to grasp his ideas. To see children produce these plays with enthusiastic appreciation and laughter paid the greatest compliment to his art. But Carroll still has much to learn of the objectivity of the drama. Like Shakespeare, he would even seem able to get inside a billiard-ball, and record billiard-ball-y reactions; unlike Shakespeare, he is inclined to make personal animus the vehicle of universal feeling. It is the human in him that thus "wears man's smudge."

Shall we hazard a guess as to Carroll's dramatic future? Will he be checked by the fetters of convention? Will he grow ultra-radical, and in his rebuilding lean a little to the

Left. Certainly, to most Catholics, as was my personal experience, a first reading of "Shadow And Substance" and "The White Steed" leaves a feeling of shock, rapidly followed, however, by a desire to know the background of the plays, and the subsequent truth or falsity of Carroll's presentation. To see our clergy squabbling on the stage and blundering about things that mean so much to us does not altogether square with life's reality; nor does it tend to add to the dignity of Catholic ritual. One mature reader of Carroll and lover of his art has suggested that what he is trying to do was done in some prophetic way by Canon Sheehan in his books "My New Curate," and "The Blindness of Dr. Gray." Some thirty odd years ago, he there showed the contrast between 'Daddy Dan' and 'Dr. Gray,' and the effect of their ways and means upon their respective parishioners. 'Daddy Dan,' the man with the understanding heart, and 'Dr. Gray,' the hard-headed intellectual stickler for the law might walk the boards as Carroll's modern presentations. May Carroll use his art to bring glory to the traditions and ideals he loves; and may he not, like Ossian, in reaching down to touch the despised rulers of his home-land, fall to earth from his white steed, and thence, like Ossian, into oblivion.

# TO LADY POVERTY

*Anna E. Higgins, '41*

## I

Awake, beloved Lady, rise!

Without regret, youth greets your sway,  
And sees within the welcome of your eyes  
A hope of beauty for the dawning day.

Arise and smile!

Faint half-forgotten strains of music cling  
About your form, concealing frequent sting  
With strange, enchanting guile.

The world, fair Poverty, reviles your name,  
Denying you, its Lady, with pretence  
And vain display.

Yet you have charm, a fragile beauty, whence  
Your witchery steals forth, a tender claim  
That I cannot betray.

Although your heart be hunger-etched in pain  
And desperation's seal,  
I seek your beauty under tearful stain,  
And, understanding, feel  
Your offering more precious is than worldly gain.

## II

Fair Lady Poverty, be mine!  
Your love my heart impatiently desires,  
And seeks beneath your brusqueness for a sign  
That harsh externals but chill warm Beauty's fires.

I have no fears.

You, Poverty, are not a consuming Death  
That poisons with despair life's long long years  
With envy-tainted breath.

Yours is a kinder Spirit than your fame  
Proclaimed by rebel victims of your power—

You are my friend.

For transient woe of earth yours is not blame,  
You promise still another happy hour.

So will it end.

No worldly folly, wealth-procured, could fill

An empty heart with joy.

These vain distractions love of beauty kill,

And dream of dawn destroy.

In peaceful trust to Poverty I bow my will.



### III

Fair Poverty, my life will richer grow,  
If hand and heart with you I go.  
For they who fill my days with loving song  
I shall not doubt.  
Nor seek a motive hidden in deceit,  
And caution-warned to fear a greed-grown wrong  
From proffered happiness in fear retreat.  
I fear no bout  
With hardships of your world; I am not sad:  
Alone, with friends, my heart, my life is glad.

Behold my home!  
A roof of sky, a floor of loam,  
With sunset walls,  
And fissures where the rainbow falls.  
O! hear my song  
Which yearly sweeter grows and strong.  
I sing a song, a melody of old,  
Of ancient land, of evening starred and cold;  
There, with stabled Poverty, these Three  
Share costliest Love, and sharing, welcome me.

# MEXICO AGAIN

*Marion Hogan, '40*

NUMEROUS surveys and estimates of Mexican conditions have been written. "Blood-Drenched Altars" by the Right Reverend Francis Clement Kelley, D.D. is perhaps the best statement of its clerical case; "Mexican Martyrdom" by the Reverend Wilfrid Parsons, S.J. gives a straightforward record of its martyr days; "Mexico and Its Heritage," by Ernest Gruening presents a defence of the revolution; Evelyn Waugh's, "Mexico, An Object Lesson" is a political approach which exhibits the author's impressions resultant from his travel in that country. This book was assigned me to review; but my enthusiastic write-up so broke through the book review boundaries that I was asked to turn the paper into essay form. Much of this interesting work will be lost by any method of reporting; it should be read, and that leisurely and ponderingly. I have but etched its matter, I trust, not too unskilfully.

Evelyn Waugh is capable of giving a rational and sympathetic account of existing conditions in Mexico. For twelve years he has travelled through various countries, often as special correspondent. These articles have established him as a journalist of the first water. Whether the reader agrees with him in a little, in much, or in everything; or whether he is in direct opposition to his statements, he is forced to admit that Evelyn Waugh presents facts easily investigable, and draws conclusions only from sound premises. At all times he is logical in thought, frequently syllogistic in form, though the informality of his manner makes the reader at times unaware of his tactics. His continual use of short, incisive sentences accounts for his lively, nervous

style. He uses vivid, accurate descriptions, presents clear character analysis, and works towards a climax so dramatically, that one loses sight of the book's being an historical or political survey, and enjoys it as a novel. Perfect coherence of presentation, coupled with his natural rhythmical style, produce the effect of thoughts evolving one from another in a very fluent and flowing manner. Light flashes of humor brighten up the text; this trait is both characteristic of his writings and of his generation.

This essay aims to set forth the chief points that Evelyn Waugh discusses in his thought-provoking book. He begins with a statement of his first impressions of Mexico; its curious noisy customs, its unique architecture, its untidiness in the 'real' sense, its mediocre traveling facilities. He then launches into the main thesis; to present the past and present conditions in Mexico, and from these facts to draw a lesson whereof, he believes, many countries could be the beneficiaries.

The present political conditions in Mexico, he says, are the logical results of its historical evolution. The disestablishment of Aztec rule by Cortés occasioned Spanish domination for three centuries. Whereupon revolutionary tendencies throughout the world, about 1815, gave rise to similar action in Mexico. The unsettled condition of independent Mexico from 1823 to 1861 made possible French rule under Maximilian, followed by the Juárez and Díaz government. The latter did much for Mexico. He saved it from absorption by the United States "at the very modest price of the dividends that went to Europe," thereby giving foreign countries an interest in "an Independent Mexico." However, such profits by foreigners instigated a successful revolt under Maderos, which left Mexico ungovernable. "Generals Calles and Obregón now emerged as



powerful leaders'' backed by the C.R.O.M. (a labor union organized on Marxist principles in the industrial cities). A party system started by Díaz continued in Mexico though it was merely perfunctory. Cardenas, influenced by Toledano, grasped the power, and has ruled this country since 1934.

Such an unstable and revolutionary form of government is naturally accompanied by visible unrest among the people. Politics is an unattractive avocation for decent Mexicans, who, disgusted with the reign of bribery and bloodshed, have resorted to passiveness. They are in such a state of mind as to be easily susceptible to Fascist indoctrination.

The controlling of Mexican industries, especially the oil industry, by foreign interests has been the cause of much trouble in this country. The Oil Companies came to Mexico less than forty years ago with the full encouragement of President Díaz. On his invitation Weetman Pearson (later Viscount Cowdray) arrived to "cut the Mexican Grand Canal. He needed oil for the use of locomotives on the Tehauntepic Railway"; upon the discovery of which Pearson and Company began prospecting. This was the first step of a long series of undertakings before oil speculating was made profitable. It was, therefore, after enormous personal expense, hard work, and much discouragement that Pearson finally made this a paying industry. As it developed, revolts necessitated the employment of standing armies by the Oil Companies. In reality, the Oil Companies took no part in revolts, but paid tribute and taxes to whatever de facto government was in power. With plunderable assets decreased, bank accounts transferred abroad, failing of mining industries, railways bankrupt, one industry alone offered a substantial temptation to the rapidly deteriorat-



ing Mexican government, Oil! Two things were necessary before such a confiscation could be accomplished legally: "a change in the law so that the act might be legal and a campaign of agitation so it might be popular." The former was accomplished in 1936 by a bill which extended public utility to include any presidential decree. The C.T.M. completely controlled all the syndicates in industry, membership in which is compulsory. Consequently, it was a simple matter for the bosses to arouse discontent among the workers. A demand for a new collective contract, applicable to the whole industry, resulted. However, when the case was heard the issue had appropriately been changed, so that the appeal was for "sacrifice rather than improvement; patriotism as against privilege." The decision was in the laborers' favor, which, once decreed, was carried out speedily and effectively. In practice and in theory, the whole process conformed to the new Nazi principles. With this theory as a foundation, the Mexican government confiscated the output of the Oil Companies; but they could not find anyone to buy the petroleum, and the outlaws could not pay for it. If it were not for the question of indemnity, the temptation to join the Barter Group would have been overwhelming. The whole issue now depends "on the degree of pressure which the United States can bring." Japan, Germany, and Italy are all in the market for 'bootleg petrol,' but Cardenas wants money, not materials. At the moment Cardenas is on a Morgan Fork dilemma: "it would be difficult for Toledano to accept the Nazification of the country; can Cardenas now dispense with him? And, further, would the *Good Neighbor* policy bear the strain of the transformation?"

We are not given sufficient magazine space to dwell here on the sorry aftermath which effects all this trickery and

robbery have planted. The agrarian conditions have been responsible for acre upon acre of the world's most fertile land lying idle while Mexico imports food to feed her people. It is true, a change was needed to make the land system flourish, but the change meted out to the Mexicans has made a poor situation alarmingly worse. And education has felt the impact of "Hammer and Sickle." Even a faint power of imagination can conjure up the frightful results of that regimentation.

The attitude which many Americans maintain towards the Mexicans is analogous to the feeling of the English towards the Irish, one mainly of condemnation. Many years before the United States became a power of the first order, Mexico's social, educational, and religious culture was assured. It could look from its loftiness, with disdain, upon its barbaric neighbors to the north. Faint fear entered the soul of Mexico as the United States began to prosper; this was overwhelmingly broadened when the latter secured its independence from England. "Mexico now represented not only the historic dangers of the Armada and the Inquisition, but the more present and obnoxious enemy-European Imperialism. From the first, the United States were keen proselytizers for republican and puritanical institutions and the natural enemies of the monarchial, feudal, hierarchic, baroque culture of Mexico. Accordingly they sought, encouraged, and misinterpreted the elements of revolution." The first evidence of attempted interference by the United States came in 1811 on the occasion of aid requested of it by Mexico to suppress a revolt. Help would be sent if Mexico would agree to establish a government similar to that of the United States, and when it was sufficiently developed become one of the states in this country. Such insinuated loss of nationality was in-



dignantly refused. Exploitation of Mexico continued under the ministrations of her northern neighbor. Texas' demand for independence, resultant in absorption by the United States, the Mexican War, default of debts, and an impending debt war invasion, all widened the breach of amity between the two countries. Under Díaz rule, there was comparative peace. During Maderos's reign, the policy of U.S. Minister Wilson, a policy motivated by his connection with the oil refining companies, caused the fall of that government, and seven years of revolt followed. Huerta emerged as ruler, but was denied recognition by President Wilson, who stated in his message to Congress that, "It is now our duty to show what true neutrality will do to enable the people of Mexico to set their affairs in order. We cannot be partisans of either party." Interference continued under Carranza, Villa, Obregón, and Calles. The latter, with the aid of Dwight Morrow, secured a standard of peaceful intercourse which lasted until the coming of Communistic control. A policy evolved known as the "Good Neighbor Policy." Daniels, U.S. Minister, during all the recent turbulence in Mexico has "maintained an attitude of imperturbable urbanity." And so it goes on. Much that is suavely said by official meetings and notes between the incumbent of the U.S. Ministry and Mexican powers is pure persiflage. Both parties know it. For the rest, it is but speculation, which Time will make history. Then we shall know whether the United States was such a chivalrous and 'good Samaritan' as her spokesman would have us believe.

The Church in Mexico has for nearly two decades of years been the object of violent persecution. In order to destroy the temporality and spirituality of the Church (if that were possible) a state church was established. By

means of persecution and scandal, the age-old method of propagandists, an attempt was made to reduce the clergy to the status in which their libellers were depicting them. This persecution makes sorry reading, but all is not so hopeless as it seems. While our Lady of Guadalupe is their guiding hand, Mexico will be steered through all the pitfalls set for her at home and abroad. Evelyn Waugh concludes his book by stating that the final downfall of Mexico came only with the attempted destruction of the Church. Therefore the one basis on which to rebuild Mexico to its former state is that of the Catholic standards of faith and morals. Man's inhumanity to man has had its way with the overthrow of the civilization and culture of Mexico, as it has of other lands. Avarice, said Pope Pius XI, is the cause of the evils attendant on civilization today. May the mantle of Mary, emblazoned with the very form of Mexican youth, be to them once again a Palladium, that will be their protective influence towards a glorious resurrection and triumph for their land and for their people, for their altars and for their fires!



# BLUE — IS WHAT?

*Gertrude Robbins, '41*

Could I but know the sight of blue!  
Nay; I must learn of it from you.

From birth to death I shall not know,  
Unless through your eyes my blindness go.

Perfume of mignonette is blue,  
Music that clings to your heart is too;

The rustle soft of rain in Spring,  
The chime of bells that dusk-falls bring;

The songs of little birds in blue,  
The taste of wine of sparkling hue;

The quiet breeze at dawn of day,  
The kindest words that friendship say;

The touch of a beloved's face  
As tenderly you beauty trace.

Is blue the feeling when we part?  
Then love is blue within my heart.

# “FROM THE FOUR WINDS”

AN APPRECIATION

*Anna E. Higgins, '41*

NINE years ago, the Catholic Poets of America—some already assured of a place in the field of poetry, some trembling on the slender ledge between obscurity and fame, others aspiring for first recognition—all of these banded together and called themselves members of the Catholic Poetry Society of America. This young organization, at the age of four, confident of the worth of its effort, though uncertain of its reception in the world, yet ventured forth bravely to the publication of “Spirit,” a poetry magazine written by the members. After five years, five years of success in that the magazine did not fail but gained an ever widening circle of discerning readers, whose ears and thoughts were bent towards poetry, the editors resolved to perpetuate the *best* poems by separating them from the good and better poetry that had appeared in “Spirit.” This testimony to the work of the Society is held between the thin blue covers of “From the Four Winds.” The title, “From the Four Winds,” is most apt, for the collection is in truth gathered from the four winds of thought, emotion, imagination, and expression, from the four corners of the land, from various walks in life. There is no central theme about which the poems are ranged; no development of a pivotal thought is evident; no propounding of a theory nor decrying of a world’s creation lurks behind the poets’ words. In his preface to the book, Francis X. Talbot, S.J. states: “The poems on the pages that follow have no unity save the unified soul of humanity and God-spirit, have no common theme save that of God’s

wonderfulness. This collection . . . is a series of heartcries, uttered during a period of five years, springing from men and women who live in widely separated areas of our country. We would be unfair if we bunched them together. We view them independently.' View them independently we must, for the ninety poems selected are the works of sixty-seven poets; the subject matter is equally diversified. No single poet presents more than five of his poems in the collection, no single poet has imprinted his characteristic style or thought on the entire work. No single form dominates the poems, which range from the exceedingly difficult, apparently unrestrained free verse to the disciplined sonnet. It is true, however, that discipline is apparent in all the verse, although restraint is more pertinent to the matter and form of the sonnet. Father Barrett says, in "Discipline"

Even these rhymes  
Balanced along the taut  
And tenuous tightrope of a thought,  
Should the slow-pacing rhythm falter,  
Slip into prose.

Well known names, such as Aline Kilmer, Sister Mary Madeleva, Robert P. Tristram Coffin, and Josephine Johnson appear in "From the Four Winds," but the work of unknown word-pipers is also represented. To mention every poet, every poem, or to attempt to discuss each, would comprise a work more lengthy than that which inspired it. To consider the poems separately is impossible, to consider them collectively is insane; any reviewer must of necessity select the few, which in verse beauty or thought beauty made the most lasting impression. Such selection, in its final analysis, will be based largely on personal feeling, and is entirely arbitrary, for each poem possesses much beauty, much that warranted its publication. None are so worth-



less that they may be dismissed with a scathing comment, none so mediocre that they may be completely ignored. Although most of the human emotions are sung in this volume, love appears more persistently than any other, love of man and woman, love of friends, of nature, of God. There are war poems, mystic poems, world-welfare poems, and poems in the modern mode. Some have a slight narrative tinge, all are partially lyric, but the greater number are completely lyrical in quality. This is as it should be, for lyricism best expresses the singing quality in the hearts of these Catholic poets who refuse to acknowledge the existence of hopelessness, who refuse to deny the existence of God.

Of the songs of human love, "Una Bhan," adapted from the Gaelic by Riobárd ó Faracháin possesses an ancient mystic quality, a haunting loveliness that grows with re-reading. Its irregular rhythm seems to hint at the wildness of the love, the ethos of the Gaelic tongue; it is pure music in its long-lined sweep of sound, sheer beauty in its pictures.

Her two eyes cup quiet like dew and drown fire like wine.

What wave, what swan-pinion laved wan as her white throat?

The singer sings sorrowfully because love for Una has severed him from love of God, but the listener perceives the love of God in his very fears.

John Gilland Brunini seems to have a magic gift in the use of sounds and uncommon placement of words that adds to the interest of his love poem, "Bird, No Bird." The very title is arresting; in one couplet there appears a touch reminiscent of Gertrude Stein.

Come bird, no bird, bird brief in trysting tree,  
Bird bliss for dawn, from fawning flown and free.



That is perhaps an unhappy reference, for there is none of the Stein madness and chaos in Brunini's beautiful lines, an exposition of his love.

Brunini's contentment, even in the uncertainty of a vagrant love, differs vastly from Florence Willette's fragile poem, "For A Girl In Love," which warns of unhappiness attendant on love. The rhythm of her verse changes rapidly with emotion. Thus, the urgency of snatching happiness lies in:

Break the prickly  
Branches quickly.

while the warning is in the less abrupt tempo of:

But be wary as you go,  
There are nettles thick below.

Florence Willette sings the inseparability of love and pain in:

Waspishly the nettles pressed. . .  
Can you bear them?  
Break them, wear them  
With the blossoms on your heart.

In less vivid wording, almost prose-phrased, the same poet speaks of married love in "Rich Evening," and the definite stanzas, the ordinary words are appropriate to the picture of homey quiet. She speaks the commonplace in:

The tabloid rustles. . . I catch a fallen stitch  
but love makes the evening rich:

And in this moment intimate and deep  
With mutual thought, our eyes uplifted meet.

"From the Four Winds" thus includes poems of wild, untamed love, elusive love, young love, married love. Others speak sonnetwise in farewell, ("Goodbye"); regret for idealization, ("Self-Revealed"). A dream love is sung in

wispy, swift phrases by Theodore Maynard in "Thistle-down and Mercury."

Friendship too holds a place in the poems of this volume. Robert Faber's sonnet, "Tenth Point of the Law" speaks of friendship drawn to one who spurns it, friendship increasing with each rebuff. Grace Dawson offers an unusual thought in "Casually This Cup"; she wishes to keep her new friendship on a casual plane because:

...I know the risk of going bound,  
Have seen love vanish over wall and hedge.

and she pledges:

...to sip  
Casually this cup of comradeship.

In the realm of poems of love for God, "A Bundle of Myrrh is My Beloved" a profession song by Sister Mary of the Visitation, is Biblical poetry of rare beauty. The song sings a long line, then a short one, as though the poet drew back in awe of God's wonder.

He that is Joy through the meadows of joyance hath led me—  
He that is Sweet...  
But He that is Love, ah, with infinite sorrow hath won me—  
Dieth for me.

Sister Mary Bertrand, O.M. presents a lovely tribute to "Our Lady of the Apocalypse."

I that am clothed with the sun...  
I that am crowned with the stars  
Have worn the white sea mists unfolding  
Their soft veils to blindfold the land.

and she concludes,

I that in wonder  
Drew light from the beauty of one human Face  
Am clothed in the brilliance of infinite splendor  
No dark can erase.

Jessica Power's poem, "To Francis Thompson" is noteworthy in that it traces the odyssey of Thompson's restless spirit in its roaming, with fidelity and with beauty. I venture to suggest (though with no small degree of temerity) that her matter would seem to be more appropriate for the sonnet form than her chosen stanza. Jessica Power is too noble-minded to notice if this critic cat claims a right to look at the poet king. When we read such lines as

And where the stars excite the waking night...  
We are of Love not hunters but the prey.

we know we are moored to poetic shores.

Besides the poems of love and religion, there are poetically chiselled characters to be found here. "The Gossipy Woman," by Cathal O'Byrne, seems almost to stand fleshed by the poet's word structure.

And as thin as a lath she was, or a shadow you'd see in a bottle,  
With a red frosty face, hard as flint, like a foggy moon in the harvest.  
You are forced to believe in the old gossip, in the power of  
her tongue, which seemed

...to wag at both ends with its gait of going.

It seems quite possible indeed that

...she could pick across Heaven's floor, a fight between two archangels.  
The seven stress lines are fitting to express the volubility of  
the chattering, gossiping bundle of bones at the Cross Roads of Skee-  
heen-a-Rinka.

A far more appealing, if not more forceful character, is the old man for whom Hugh Richardson Fitch has woven so much love in his sonnet, "To Grandpa, Growing Blind." There is a beautiful picture of the old man who loves to join the children,

Play "blind man's buff," though hid tears stain his fun.



The pathos of the simply expressed final couplet cannot be forgotten:

If he hears, "Gampa, please stay, my room's dark,"  
In deeper Dark, he comforts that small heart.

Although none of the poems resemble character sketches, nor are intended to do so. Adam, the first man, may be found in three widely variant poets' work. In "Poem for a Child," J. G. E. Hopkins paints Adam the late lord of the manor, as he pictures the lonely state of Eden after the Fall.

While the rabbit kept asking,  
Where are our friends,  
Lord Adam, who named us  
And the Lady Eve?  
Have they left us forever  
To seek and to grieve?

Katherine Burton sings of "The Exile" who

Said boastfully how glad he was  
To get away.

but later

In Eden's wall  
He found a crack.

and seeing the neglect within, he thought,

If only he could get  
Inside that gate—  
To do again the little things  
He used to hate.

Dorothy Haight judges Adam, prescribes for his need in simply "Adam." Her stern, unbending lines appropriately predict Adam's difficult future.

Give him a bitter and grim heartache,  
That his substance stiffen . . .  
His travail means he shall begin  
To be more like steel and less like tin.



The comparison of these three is almost unavoidable because of the subject, and yet, they could hardly be more different. Hopkins relates the state of Eden, the message of hope in the final whispered, "Wait"; Katherine Burton lays stress on the realization by Adam of what he had lost; Dorothy Haight warns of the future of Adam, the Man. One subject visioned from three points of view has produced three excellent poems.

But the Catholic poets do not sing always of love, of God, of the past. "From the Four Winds" presents poems entitled "The Young Dead Speak," "Spanish Alleluja," "On Contemporary Mexico," "On Thinking of Russia," which are certainly modern themes. "Unemployment" has its place and even "Spring Ploughing." "This is the Dark" by Elizabeth Royce is startling in its betrayal of the over-familiarity of the newer generation, which murders true love. Her words are simple, her poem brief in saying

This is the dark our bodies made  
Here where we slew love's early tender star  
With hasty kisses.

There is infinite pain—pain which might not have been—in the concluding lines

That we . . .  
Fell short of loyalty to high demands  
And now, forever, dread each other's eyes.

Although Susan Myra Gregory's poem, "I Have No Sorrow," is not directly opposed to the above named, it suggests itself for mention. She declares that joy, ecstasy, once experienced, sorrow can never be completely master, nor regret blot out remembrance. The poem is lengthy, composed of six sonnets. The theme seems spread out a little more than necessary, its repetition of ideas seems occasionally to be merely for the sake of filling out the sonnet

forms. In the final sonnet particularly, this appears and the last four lines lessen the effect of the earlier ones;

Spare me no sorrow when my light song flows  
To meet black silence where no song is sung . . .  
For though the flight be finished and the song,  
Singing has been, and wings that cleaved the blue.

The lines which follow seem anti-climactic, but the poem as a whole possesses the beauty of innumerable pictures of a brilliant fancy.

Susan Gregory sings "I Have No Sorrow," but Marion Brown Shelton tells of the "Depth" of sorrow. Just as in excruciating physical pain, the body seems somehow to float above the agony, so with sorrow. Marion Shelton expresses the feeling succinctly:

The rhythm-rocking of a terrible grief  
That fought through, struggled under  
Can bear you up as lightly as a leaf.

Rosalie Moore sings of the dreamer Archimedes in "A Little Way to Glory," of his futile efforts to

move the solid world with this  
Imponderable hand!

The theme is the limitation of human creature power, expressed in

A little way to glory wings may fly.

In a sense, Archimedes was an idealist. "To a Baffled Idealist," J.G.E. Hopkins speaks in his poem, to an idealist who has become self-satisfied, selfish and proud.

Because the upper and nether stones  
Of things that are, ground close and slew  
The dreamer who was you.

In the latter portion of his poem, Hopkins seems to speak for all his associates "From the Four Winds" in his lines

While we,  
Expecting little, happen on the gold,  
Seamy and tough of assay that runs through  
The coarse ore of the mine-run that is Man,  
Often enough to make our hearts grow glad.

The hearts of these poets were glad when they wrote their poetry. Theirs was a joy in writing even of sorrow, a deep-seated happiness that sprang from knowledge of and security in God's Love. "From the Four Winds" is revolutionary, neither in its form, nor in thought. It is splendid poetry, more musically rhythmic than is much of modern poetry. The five years' labor for this reaping was well-worth the effort, for the harvest is exquisitely beautiful, and good, and true.

## SUBSTITUTION

*Anna E. Higgins, '41*

The manger in the Christmas crib lay bare,  
The Infant's statue smashed from want of care;  
Her loved and battered rag-doll, Christmas morn  
A child placed there to be her God, earth-born.

Alone, the Virgin Mary gazed and smiled,  
And whispered gently to her symbol'd Child,  
"For You, most loved and injured of all Men":  
And Beauty clothed the wretched rag-doll then.

## WINTER

*Mary Rita Murphy, '41*

When I went forth in crisp, frost-bitten air  
And saw the frightened leaves come trembling down  
To change their bright-hued coats to withered brown,  
And felt the icy fangs which soon would tear  
The petals of those flowers that yet might dare  
To linger on 'neath Nature's heavy frown;  
I thought of all the joys that rain would drown,  
Of summer's brevity and winter's care.

Then vision came before my mind to show  
That winter has its place in seasons' scheme;  
Its days were not conceived in vengeful mood  
Of Nature, nor is winter mankind's foe.  
While honey-dripping summer can but dream,  
Winter's chaste art paints peace and solitude.



## IMMORTAL LONGINGS

*Kathleen Ryan, '41*

If I could only see you once again,  
And realize the fondness of your heart,  
My tears for you would now not be in vain.  
Why should our love have been so torn apart?  
Your smiling eyes reflecting chastest love,  
Your tender touch upon my own white hand,  
Sent both our souls to rapturous realms above,  
Where joy and sorrow we could understand.  
But grim, cold Death does now your limbs embrace,  
He snatched you from my arms, so young, so fair.  
My tears fell hot upon your pallid face.  
Oh! how I prayed that I might join you there.  
Memories sweet of our true love will stay  
Until my soul joins yours some happy day.

# OBSERVATIONS OF A GREAT MUSICIAN

*Jeanne Mercier, '41*

THE beauty of the art of music was brought to my consciousness at a very early age, for I have the good fortune to be a member of a musical family. I remember having read of the eminent French musician, Nadia Boulanger, in Mrs. Winthrop Chanler's "Autumn in the Valley." Speaking of her Parisian friendships, Mrs. Chanler writes: "There was the admirable Nadia Boulanger, the great-hearted musician 'par excellence,' who has given her life to music, always to the music of others, by her teaching and inspiration. She and her sister Lili were the prize pupils of the Conservatoire, both astonishingly gifted. Lili won the coveted 'Prix de Rome' for composition. Then she died in the flower of her youth, beauty and promise, leaving Nadia broken-hearted, and a trail of brilliant unfinished work which Nadia has been at pains to complete and put before the public. . . Every year that I was in Paris in March, I went on the anniversary of Lili's death to the Requiem Mass at which some of her compositions were played. The service is always attended by a crowd of Nadia's friends, among them all the high lights of musical Paris. Who, one wonders, will do this for Nadia? And yet I cannot help feeling that her contribution to music had a wider scope than her sister's. Countless young musicians have studied under her guidance; all or nearly all have profited by her sound musical doctrine."

I had heard of Mlle. Boulanger, hence I was thrilled by reading what Mrs. Chanler had to say of her. Since then, I have had the privilege to know and to appreciate this

great person, and I am now one of the countless young musicians who have profited by her sound musical doctrine. Mlle. Boulanger spent part of the past two years in Boston; her visit here is a cherished memory for me.

“The artist must love life, and show us that it is beautiful. Without him we would doubt.” This, Nadia Boulanger said of Gabriel Fauré, her master in composition at the Paris Conservatory, in reference to what he had accomplished by his religious music. But I, in turn, can say this of her; for, indeed, she has made me love life because it is beautiful. During her lecture classes, of which I attended many, I gathered a wealth of inspiration and ideas that will remain with me always. I can see her now at the piano as she analyzed a Beethoven Sonata. Occasionally, while playing she would stop to tell us something. Each phrase of music seemed to speak to her, and each time she wished to tell us the secret. “When beginning a composition we must be very accurate and play exactly what is there. We must be prepared to face all difficulties as they confront us. We may make mistakes; but we must remember that progress is to have *tried* to do a thing with absolute honesty . . . In life, if we face and overcome a difficulty each day, we will never be bored.” Often with such words, Mlle. Boulanger would terminate her lecture. We would leave her “pondering these words in our hearts.” With such a profound philosophy does Nadia Boulanger speak of the noble art to which she has devoted her life. To her, music is life. What she says of music, is true of life.

I have witnessed many unforgettable performances which Mlle. Boulanger herself conducted. During her first year here, she was guest Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the first woman who has ever been chosen to lead this celebrated musical organization. At this concert,



Mlle. Boulanger played the organ part in the Symphony of Saint-Saëns in C Minor. Afterwards, she conducted the "Requiem" of Gabriel Fauré, which is "not only one of his greatest works, but also one of those which do most honor to music and thought. Nothing has been written which is purer, clearer in definition." It was for me a soul-stirring happening, thus to have heard Fauré's masterpiece conducted by this artist who had been his pupil.

In the passage which I have quoted above, Mrs. Chanler speaks of the Memorial Concert given each year in Paris for Lili Boulanger, Nadia's sister. Last year, the concert was given here in Boston. This arrangement afforded me a long-desired opportunity to hear some of her music. Camille Mauclair thus sings its praises: "The music of Lili Boulanger is a revelation of genius. It resembles no other. The sign of genius is her intuition of a passionate and tragic world and her great wealth of musical ideas. With calm and patient courage, she composed unceasingly. As her health grew more frail, she rose to spiritual heights of great beauty, when her career ended just before she was twenty-five years old. The beauty she created will survive her in the memory of her life and the quality of her work."

These two concerts I sat through as an auditor. My greatest thrill was, however, taking part in two concerts which Nadia Boulanger conducted. The rehearsals for them were, I think, more exciting than the official performance, for during them we learned many of her distinguishing characteristics. What greatly impressed me was Mlle. Boulanger's apparent lack of time sense. It really did not matter what hour of the day or night it might be, provided one finished with perfection what had been begun. One of the rehearsals lasted until one o'clock in the morning. I had never before played music so far into the night, nor do I



ever expect to do so again. It was wonderful! It was at one of these rehearsals, likewise, that her deep spirituality of soul was revealed to me. We were playing one of her sister's compositions, "Vielle Prière Bonddhigue," with chorus and orchestra. Neither of the two gave her what she wanted of them. Then she spoke: "When we pray we think of what we wish to express, then it is effective. This must come from the soul as though it were a prayer." We tried to respond to her suggestion, and she seemed pleased with our efforts. These words had deeply stirred many of us; to some they were beyond comprehension.

Last May, a farewell reception was given for Nadia Boulanger before her return to France. I was privileged to be in attendance—a privilege I found difficult to realize was mine. There were tears in my eyes when it came my turn to say "au revoir." I could say nothing. She smiled and said, "Au revoir, ma petite. Perhaps we shall see each other again some day." I parted from her, knowing that she understood my gratitude for the experiences I had with her, and for the source of inspiration she had been to me, as well as for her living inspiration in the musical world and life of today.

# THE CALL TO FAME

*Mary Elcock, '41*

THE theater was silent. It was not the silence of emptiness, for it was filled to capacity on première night. The audience sat hushed under the spell of such consummate acting skill. The young girl, alone on the stage, had captivated them on her first entrance. Dressed in gay peasant costume, she had skipped through the garden gate, and so into their hearts. Was it her bewitching smile, or her fine eyes, or her musical voice that gave her such elfin-like, elusive charm!

It was the end of the last act, now. During the first two acts she had been laughing and happy. Now her mood was changed, for she had been left by the one who had pledged his love to her. He was city bound, in search of money and fame. But he had promised to return some day. She stood alone on the stage, a basket of daisies on her arm. For a long time she did not speak. Then steadily looking in the direction that he had gone, she slowly said: "You say you'll come back. I think you mean it now. But I know better. You want to be a world success. I love you as you are now; I don't want you to change. And when you do . . . I'll be a memory then. Not a memory . . . a forgotten dream."

Slowly the curtain fell. A moment of silence, then Eleanor Aldrich took her first curtain call. She smiled and bowed to the audience, as they paid tribute in deafening applause. One last smile, a last bow, and she fled into the wings. "Superb!" "Wonderful!" "I've never seen you better!" "Shake hands!" "You had fifteen curtain calls!" So the voices buzzed around her. She now felt the same ex-

cited feeling that she had had while waiting for her cue. During the play she lost all feeling of reality; it was like being in another world. Now, suddenly, everything is real again.

“Look this way, please, Miss Aldrich.” The camera clicked. “Would you step over here, that’s good.” “One more, now. Thank you.” “Won’t you make a statement?” The shy little smile that had so delighted the audience crept over her face. “Yes, I’ll say something. What? I don’t know. I’m too excited to talk. First let me look in the mirror to see if it’s really me.” It was! The dressing-room mirror reflected the same black curls, the same slightly turned-up nose, the identical Eleanor Aldrich who had stolen a last glance into it before her first cue.

Emma, her maid, picked her way cautiously through a flower bestrewn room.

“Miss, I don’t know what to do with these. Your apartment is filled now. Looks like you’ll be having to start a florist shop.”

“What’s that? Oh, the flowers! Send them over to the hospital; but keep the cards. All, but these daisies; I want to keep them.”

She looked at the basket of daisies that she had carried in the last act. The card was peeping from her peasant pocket. She read it again: “They remind me of you.” David.

“Emma, what do you suppose he meant by that? Why should daisies remind him of me?”

“Perhaps... I don’t know. I never can understand what he means by those little notes he sends. He is so full of ideas; you can never tell what he’ll do or say next. But that’s what I like about him.”

Eleanor sprang up, whirled about the room. She laughed,



waltzed about, sang snatches of "Tales from the Vienna Woods."

"Emma, don't let anyone in; not a king, nor a president, nor a prince charming. Yes, let *him* in. Emma, it's here! Do you realize it? It's here! The day we've planned for, looked forward to, waited so long for. He's a successful playwright; and I'm a successful actress. Oh, but it was worth the long years' struggle. 'Wait till my play is a success, then I'll feel worthy of you. Then we can rest for a bit, and plan our lives together.' How often he has said that; and now it's here! Are you listening? It's here! Tonight, between the acts, he sent me a note. It said he had something important to tell me. Just as if I hadn't been waiting for that message for so long. As if I didn't know it was coming! I'm so nervous; so happy. I don't know why I should be nervous. There's a lump in my throat. Oh, Emma, do I look all right? Quick, help me to get this make-up off. Someone is at the door. Tell him tomorrow. I'll see everyone tomorrow. I'll be able to think then, but not now."

Emma answered the knock. "Western Union. Sign here, please. Thank you."

"But who could have sent all these flowers? I don't know that many people."

"Don't forget, my dear, you're famous now. You belong to your audience admirers. From tonight on, you're a star!"

"My audience, the people! I love them. I love everybody. I'm so happy."

She jumped on a chair, and sprang from that to the couch.

"Look, Emma. I haven't jumped on a spring since I was five."

She laughed, jumped down, and ran to the window.

“I’ll never get used to New York. It’s so gay. Look at those lights! A fairyland! That’s what it is—a fairyland, where everybody is happy!”

She turned towards Emma, but in her stead she saw a familiar dark-haired form, a smiling face—

“David! I didn’t hear you come in.”

He beamed admiration. “Ellie, you’re wonderful. Not content with performing for all those people out there, you come here and put on another one just for me. That fairyland speech about New York was fine. I’ll have to put it in my next play. But you’ll have to say it with all those gestures, and that amazing jumping around. Were you talking and laughing with or at yourself?”

She blushed. “I thought that Emma was the only one here. She’s used to my antics. And I wasn’t talking to myself, because when Emma wasn’t listening you were. So there!”

“Ellie, dear. I can’t tell you how proud I am of you. Honestly, when I wrote that play I never dreamed that anyone could portray Margot as I imagined her. And then I met you; and there was Margot, my dream, before my eyes.”

“Oh, but David, I loved it. Every minute of it was fun. I wasn’t acting; I was Margot. I was just being natural.”

“And you were the Margot of my dreams come true. Here is some news, though. You remember my note had it that I had something important to tell you. Well it’s happened. I was just talking to Fleming of Perfection Studios and it’s a deal. I signed a contract to go to Hollywood and write scripts for them.

“Hollywood!”

“Oh, I know darling. I feel the same way. It’s such a long distance from New York and you. But it’s worth it;

you know it is, don't you? Think of the money, success, fame it might mean. Ellie, can't you see what's ahead for us?"

"What's ahead for us? Yes, I can see. Another separation, another waiting, another struggle. David, we have all we want now. If I stay here and act in this play, we'll have more money than we need and want. And we'll have... each other! You don't want Hollywood. It does things to people. It changes them. And it's so far away!"

"Don't think, Ellie, I want to leave. It's hard for me. But I couldn't ask you to leave all this and come with me; and you couldn't if you wanted to do it, because they only want long-publicized successes at the studio. If you leave this play, it will be a failure; and then, so shall I. It's hard for me so hard; but I'm willing to make the sacrifice for you."

"David, please can't you forget the offer? If you had never received it you would have been content."

"I know. But writing is everything to me. I can't turn back now from the road to success."

"You can't?"

"Not in fairness to myself or you, if you want a successful husband... But I'm being selfish. I won't be stubborn. I'll do as you say; but just think, Ellie, Hollywood! Anyway, let's not quarrel now. This is our night; let's celebrate, be gay. You're a great actress; I'm a successful playwright. Fame came to us the same night. Change your costume. I'll meet you at the stage door. What's the matter? Are you too excited to move?"

"No. I was excited, but not any longer. I feel empty. It's the let-down after the first night, I suppose. I'll meet you in five minutes."

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Two days later, Eleanor Aldrich sat up in bed. Emma handed her the morning paper. She turned to her notices: "A real actress has come to our stage in David Lindon's new play "Daisies in Springtime." It was noticed in Miss Aldrich's second performance that some of the elfin-like charm seems to be missing; but the actress made the loss good by her perfect last act, which was more touching than it was on opening night. The part would seem to have been written with her in mind; it was made for her. Mr. Lindon, the author, has left for Hollywood.

## SNOW

*Gertrude L. Mahoney, '41*

Now soft and silent snowflakes swiftly fell,  
So deftly fashioned they, like fairy things.  
They cast upon the land a wintry spell,  
They flew about on lovely air-forged wings.  
And as they, each one, found a place to light,  
They spread the world with beauty, spotless white.

But restless was the world and unaware  
That she in priceless beauty then was clad.  
And being busy with life's restless care,  
For heavenly beauty she would not be glad.  
And so the precious gift was trampled o'er—  
The world in purest splendor walked no more.

## LOVE'S SPRING

*Elizabeth O'Brien, '41*

Once Love was seeded in my youthful heart  
By smiles, and words of tender, precious thought.  
On soil of rich and untried hopes, a start  
Was made; and in my being yours was caught.  
With passing days the slender plant grew strong,  
Enclasped my heart with tendrils still outspread,  
That served to hide all else from me. With song  
My heart rejoiced: "My Spring will last," I said.

But Spring has passed; our young Love's life is o'er,  
The blossoms withered in the summer sun.  
In winter bleak our ardent love no more  
Can thrive on joys that scarce were yet begun.  
Though Winter chill the warmth that Love should bring,  
Within my heart Love ever will be Spring.

# EDITORIAL

## *Of The Making of Books There Is No End!*

Why this plethora of books? Because everybody reads. It is the multi-varied tastes of readers that explain the astounding scope of the literary scene. Nearly everything that is published and sold finds its way into someone's home. We shall not concern ourselves here with the 'how' nor even with the 'what' of reading—that work belongs to the domain of the classroom, to the pedagogic probing into the mechanics of the science, to the attempted plumbing of its artistic depths. The aspect of the subject that concerns us is 'whom' we would do well to read.

Is there such a thing as Catholic literature? Undoubtedly, there is. The term 'Catholic' as applied to Literature means simply that work which is essenced in the spiritual as opposed to the material; it is that which recognizes the true relationship of this life and everything in it to our ultimate end. Any writer who presents a spiritual attitude toward Life in its means and in its end, produces Catholic literature. Is this Catholic area large? Let us take a quick, panoramic view. Every field of literary art shows a long list of Catholic writers. Poetry from the days of Caedmon sang a mighty paean of religious harmony until the crashing discords of bigoted Milton, who so surely stamped his seal on English poetry that even Newman was beguiled into his one unfortunate remark—"English literature will ever have been Protestant." But the spirit never dies; and a long array of present-day Catholic poets in America, England, and on the Continent, have arisen to proclaim that the things that Caedmon sang, so miraculously and marvellously, are still being sung by them.



You will notice by now, that we are confining ourselves to the field of English literature; and at best, can do but a sketchy job within our editorial limits. But it is for you to dig deep where we have scratched the surface. History presents us such giants as Belloc, Dawson, (an encyclopaedic mind), Hollis, Wyndham Lewis, Carlton Hayes. Would you sharpen up your intellects on philosophic thought? Try D'Arcy, Watkin, Steuart, McGarry. Take a pleasant trip in the Biography skiff with Margaret Yeo, Evelyn Waugh, Martindale. Do you want the novelists? There are to be had for the asking Sheila Kaye-Smith, Barbara Wall, the White sisters, (notably Helen C.) In drama, Murray, Carroll, Lavery, in fact the whole Black-frairs movement are ready to put forth their skill. No 'Catholic' literature? You are immersed in it.

Now for the challenge? Have you read it? Are you reading it? Will you read it? Were you indifferent to this treasure in the past? Or just apathetic? Or just indolent? Or, maybe, ignorant? Now you know. Of all the things we can afford not to be in this year of our Lord, Nineteen Forty, is apathetic. We are the church 'militant.' We must fight the good fight, it is true; but we must also know where to get our intellectual and spiritual ammunition. You have not the time! You have all the time there is. And Time well used is the legal tender for Eternity!

At this marvellous spread of a well-laden board of intellectual and moral feasting let us not be content to but gather up the crumbs; let us feast full and well at the banquet that our fellow Catholics have furnished us.

*Mary L. Greenler, '40*

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# THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

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“My father named me Autolycus...a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.”

“Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a.”

*The Winter's Tale*, IV, iii

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## HANDS ACROSS THE COTTON BOWL!

Congratulations to Boston College on their recent ascension to national fame via the Cotton Bowl and the golden southwest. May this success be only the beginning!

Our neighbors in Chestnut Hill have long been worthy of our esteem; Emmanuel College feels justly proud of their friendship. Years ago the Catholic colleges, of which Boston College is our local masculine representative, took the lead in education throughout the United States. Boston College long ago became recognized for its academic standards and for its production of men who were a credit to their families, their communities, and consequently to their religion and to the ratio studiorum of Catholic philosophy. Boston College needs no sports writer to sing the paeans of athletic battle in order to gain its prestige in American Catholic education.

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But Catholic education symbolizes something more than information, or knowledge, or science, or art, or any one of these, or these with other things. Education in the real and Catholic sense, in which we and Boston College have always understood and sought it, means the development of all that is in ourselves: it is, just as it means derivatively, a “drawing out” of what is in. And education properly includes a healthy training in athletics, for athletics is a “drawing out” of some of one’s finest faculties. In a purely physical sense, athletics take their

place in education, because any true education "draws out" all of one's faculties, including the physical. And athletics, when they maintain the high standard and the true ideals of which we speak, develop not only the body, but educate the finer qualities of one's soul and temperament; they make one energetic and dynamic, yet phlegmatic and generous, and give one an understanding of his fellow's character.

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Boston's College's trip to Dallas and its encounter with Clemson on the football gridiron is a fine thing for Boston College; it is a fine thing for the men who represented her; it is a fine thing for Catholic colleges in general. We feel proud because a college which stands for the same principles as we, knows and reveres the same ideals, has received recognition. We would rebuke those who criticize this achievement for its mercenary aspect, or on account of other material and secondary features. We would rebuke those who jibe at Boston College for what they would make the smallness of its fame. They are the ones who are picayune; perhaps even they are a little jealous. They can condemn the Cotton Bowl, they can decry the monetary gain, such as it was; but money, however many evils it may breed, cannot vitiate something which is in itself a victory commanding of a deeper respect. Boston College has shown that its pleasure flowered from a deeper than pecuniary soil.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a healthy and manly competition, the treasure of travel, the pleasure of a just pride—even in defeat—that Boston College sought and gained for its sons on January first. We like to think of that football game as something more than a sports event, something more than a business venture, something more than a pleasant vacation. We like to think of it as symbolizing the answer to the criticism of some that ours is a bookworm's education: for Boston College has shown that her men are finely and broadly trained.

\* \* \* \* \*

Emmanuel College salutes that Boston College team! We feel proud of our brother college. We hope that January first, 1940 will mark but a sample of the creditable fame which they and all Catholic colleges will attain in years to come, and not so far away.

AD MULTOS ANNOS!



NEWS FLASH: Helsinki, Finland, January, 1940. "SOVIET DRIVE  
FROZEN UP—FINNISH 'GHOST PATROLS' SUPREME ON SKIS"

The piercing cold of an Arctic dusk...Tundras glistening beneath the majestic ermine of snow...Down in the forest, birches swaying, their icy branches festooned like crystal pendants...Silhouetted against winter's grandeur a figure clothed in white, flashing with lightning speed along a picturesque downhill trail, then another and another, gracefully, like white birds, swooping over the spangled snow, their hearts beating staunchly above the rhythmical whizzing of skis... 'Ghost Patrols' skirting their glistening homeland to prevent the red cloud of Moscow from over-shadowing the clear blue of Christian skies. 'Ghost Patrols'! What dramatic fortitude they possess, these white-clad knights of modern warfare, as like phantoms they skim through the silver recesses of the forest, across starlit lakes, into the inevitable horror of battle! What wonder the world watches breathlessly as, together, and alone, like Alaskan trappers, they cluster valiantly around fires kindled on frozen earth, their courage high, their cause invulnerable! Men organized in regiments, women as volunteer nurses, gliding skillfully on the skis that to them mean life! Surely in that Arctic stillness they recall the Olympic Stadium in Helsinki, recently completed for the 1940 games, where they would have competed for the glory of their nation instead of combating the encroaching menace of the Soviet. Skis! Surely at no other period in modern history have these popular sports implements held such paramount interest in the hearts of Christians as in this year of grace, 1940, with the godless voice of the Kremlin rolling menacingly across the world! To this gallant nation of Finland, we, in America, owe an eternal debt. Surely to no sportsmen could a more glorious trophy be presented, than the abiding knowledge that they kept Christianity alive—on skis!

SPORTS FLASH: Boston, Massachusetts, January 1940. "RIDING THE  
SKI TRAILS OUTSTANDING OUTDOOR DIVERSION DURING POST-HOLI-  
DAY PERIOD"

The exhilarating din of a train terminal in the tingling chill of morning. . . A varied assortment of luggage, skis, snowshoes, skates, tonkin poles. . . The adventurous puff of an outgoing snow train. . . The flying panorama of old New England, church steeples silver against the sky, snow drifts blanketing farmlands, orchards lacy with icicles. . . Happy laughter as collegians perch on aisle luggage. . . Weeks of planning by enthusiastic committee members at long last reaching a joyful culmination. . . Animated discussion of ski jumps, ski tows, slalom slopes, Christiania turns. . . The rousing, heart-warming strains of college songs. . . Jingling sleighs providing transportation to a hotel lodge set amid snow-laden pines. . . Frosty air and the alabaster glory of a winter wonderland. . . Girls in colorful flared skirts and gleaming jackets. . . Athletes in the latest sports toggery. . . Skiing devotees delightedly surveying the dazzling sheen of a white terrain before dropping to a fast downhill run, darting with exquisite swiftness down open slopes, or along forest trails cascading with ice-jewels. For what vastly different purpose are they used, these ridged hickory skis of American youth! For them is not a mission of lightning-like destruction, but the satisfaction of youth's time-honored quest for freedom, for happiness, for health, for the thrill of traversing with meteoric speed the glittering wide-open vistas of God's own country. In years to come what fond memories will rise of those down-mountain racing trails of New England, what moments of keen pleasure to be treasured in a scenic fairyland where freedom reigns! For in those fleeting moments on the moonlit slopes, surely will come home to the heart of American youth the value of an unshackled heritage, surely will rise from that heart gratitude for the flag that is a waving guarantee of liberty, a prayer for the preservation of this white land—America!

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## CURRENT BOOKS

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*Shakespeare*, by Mark Van Doren. New York: Henry Holt & Company, 1939. 344 pages.

IT is absurd to declare with dogmatic finality that Shakespeare is great, that Shakespeare is unequalled, that Shakespeare is immortal. Yet, his greatness is of so inexhaustible a nature that there is really no dogmatic finality about such declarations; for at every turn some new, or, at least, hitherto unnoticed phase of greatness in him is discovered, and the tower of strength which is his position in world literature grows steadily to dizzy proportions. That is why a new book on Shakespeare, by a competent teacher and critic, though neither timely nor startling, will undoubtedly be received with eagerness by lovers of poetry. Such a book Mark Van Doren has written. The fact that the book is thoroughly enjoyable is, perhaps, a tribute more to its subject than to its author. That is as Mr. Van Doren, and all sincere Shakespeare lovers, would wish.

In the Introduction, Mr. Van Doren says most of the things about Shakespeare that have been said before. He mentions the acute reality of the worlds the poet has created, the complete individuality of his characters, the unsurpassed quality of his poetry, the sense that was always in him of the world being a great and beautiful and precious place, the well-nigh perfect balance of his mind; in brief, "what he dealt with was existence, and his dealings were responsible, high-hearted, and humane." Obviously, there is nothing new here. But it is in the discussion of the plays that we expect to find things that have not been said before.

The author has arranged the plays, as nearly as possible, in the order in which they were written, tracing their creator's development as a dramatist, a poet, and finally as a complete artist. Beginning with the historical plays, *Henry VI*, and *Richard III*, he calls attention to the majestic, consciously powerful tones, the bluster and the swagger, in short the melodramatic effect achieved by a young eagle who is spreading his wings for the first time, and finding the air exhilarating and



energizing. In these early plays energy and liveliness dominate. The eagle has not yet learned of the "concealment of machinery and the manipulation of motives." He learns quickly. It is Mr. Van Doren's evident purpose to follow him through school.

In each play the critic calls attention to some phase of Shakespeare's all-inclusive art. In *Richard II* it is the "beauty of the English language considered as an instrument upon which music can be made." With surprising adroitness Van Doren unveils allusion upon allusion to the realm of harmony; as well as line upon line of poetry that is essenced in song. Richard himself is a minor poet, a "musical" poet; Mowbray speaks in terms of "organs" and "harmonies," Gaunt's apostrophe to "this blessed plot of earth—this England," is the "grand specimen" of music of which he is capable; every character moves in rhythm and grace. The play abounds in illustrations; the eagle for the moment has turned skylark. Reading the play in this light, the many exquisite passages stand together with those which are less fine, not in contrast or in obvious superiority, but in harmonious blend, like the movements of a concerto.

In the *Merchant of Venice*, Mr. Van Doren finds the emphasis to be upon the creation of a world (Venice) and a class inhabiting that world (the gentlefolk), and that world and that class are seen in the light of their conflict with an outsider, Shylock. There is an atmosphere of sadness, but a graceful, mannerly sadness pervading the play. This Venice is subdued and mild because these Venetians are subdued and mild. Shylock is the protagonist; he disturbs the even tenor of life, and is inevitably worsted in the conflict.

In *Henry IV* the important thing is character development. And here Van Doren gives us a characterization of Hotspur that is both delightful and gratifying. If you have been perplexed and fascinated by the seeming complexity, yet basic simplicity of the gallant Percy, we especially recommend this passage. Equally fine is the delineation of the personality of Falstaff who, in contrast to Hotspur, "understands everything and so is never serious." There you have the huge clown in a small phrase.

When we come to *Julius Caesar*, we find that here, more than in any of the other plays, there is a conscious effort on the part of the poet to perfect a style. He has done this by creating an atmosphere, as in the *Merchant of Venice*, but here he forces his people to speak and act consistently with the setting. Here is the Rome of the Patricians, of the

Senate and the Forum, of public men and statesmen, speaking well-rounded oratorical masterpieces. In it the poet has submitted everything to "the smoothing and simplifying process of a certain style."

Perhaps of all the discussions, the most fruitful, and at the same time, the most elusive, was that on *Hamlet*. Elusive, as any discussion of Hamlet must be, because Hamlet himself is just that. Van Doren does not pretend to know more about the play than his predecessors in the field of Hamlet speculation. He does explain, and satisfactorily, the unique greatness of the play. "Neither the hero nor his play can be taken apart. The joints are invisible." To illustrate, he states in one amazing breath,

"It has been said of the play '*Hamlet*' that its best scene is the one in which Horatio first sees the ghost, or the one in which he tells Hamlet of it, or the one in which Hamlet himself sees it and swears his friends to secrecy, or the one in which Polonius bids farewell to his son and warns his daughter away from the prince, or the one in which Ophelia reports Hamlet's disorder, or the one in which Polonius explains it to the King and Queen, or the one in which Hamlet, entering with a book, seems to Polonius to support the explanation, or the one in which Hamlet discovers the intentions of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and discourses to them of his misanthropy, or the one in which he greets the players and conceives a use to which they can be put, or the one in which Ophelia is loosed to him while the King and Polonius listen as spies, or the one in which he addresses the players on the subject of their art, or the one in which the play he has planned breaks down the King's composure, or the one with the recorders, or the one in which Hamlet cannot kill the King because he is praying, or the one in his mother's closet when Polonius is stabbed and the ghost walks again, or the one in which he makes merry over Polonius's supper of worms, or the one in which he watches Fortinbras march against Poland, or the one in which Ophelia sings mad songs and rouses her brother to revenge, or the one in which, while Laertes plots with the King, the Queen reports Ophelia's death, or the one in the graveyard, or the one with Osric, or the one at the end which leaves only Horatio and Fortinbras alive. Any of them will do."

Just so. Study that paragraph and the unrivalled mastery of the full-grown eagle, before only awesomely and rather obscurely sensed, will now be clearly and fully appreciated.

For those who love Shakespeare, yet do not love to read long theses



attempting to explain things that the poet himself never thought inexplicable, this book will prove enjoyable. Every line expresses the sincere admiration of one poet for another. For Van Doren sees Shakespeare as a man to be loved and only partly understood, not as an object to be dissected with scalpel and forceps, to be examined under lamps of wisdom and to be given up as enigmatic. This attitude alone would make the book acceptable to ordinary minds. If there are some things that we would disagree with, that is to be expected. Shakespeare is the myriad-minded; he escapes the monotony of dogmatic pronouncements; part of the joy of reading about him lies in the fact that we do not have to agree with everything, or even anything, that we are told. Because Mr. Van Doren recognizes this fact, his book is colored with personal feeling; his Shakespeare is *his*, and we can take it or leave it, as we please. The important thing is that we were pleased by the book; we profited by it; we enjoyed it, in spite of the fact that it contains little that is new or extraordinary.

*Flavia M. Caliri, '39*

*Which Way Democracy?* by Wilfrid Parsons, S.J. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1939. 295 pages.

At last we have an author in the person of Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., who writes on Social Science and who does not stop at criticism or mere diagnosis of the ills of the modern world but dares to go on and show this upset world a way to greater peace and prosperity. No Utopia does this sound thinker place before us. Rather, he warns us against any plan that offers this as its ultimate goal.

"Which Way Democracy?" is easily divided into three parts. The first section is devoted to a diagnosis of the ills of the modern world. This is done in a clear-cut, fearless manner. The decline of Christianity, we see, is a recent development. Religion was not always an entirely private affair and entirely divorced from education, the state, and public affairs. The directness of this author is illustrated here as, at the very start, he places before his readers a proposition. Quoting the Preamble of the Constitution, he says: "That is the foundation sentence, and it is also the test sentence. By asking a modern man concerning his adherence to it, we can judge if he is any longer an adherent of the first Principle." The very neutrality of our country is shown to be, in reality,



anti-religious. The state ignores religion, but this same act allies it with Materialism.

Father Parsons then proceeds to trace with accuracy the downfall of Liberalism. With "Rerum Novarum," the famous encyclical of Pope Leo XIII, as his guide, he shows the essential immorality of Laissez-Faire Liberalism. Both Marx and Pope Leo saw the fallacy of the liberalist doctrine, but Marx's solution merely wrought a change from extreme Liberalism to extreme Socialism or from the tyranny of Liberalism which is material to the tyranny of Socialism which is spiritual. Communism meant the disappearance of the middle class, and this clash of Communism and the middle class gave rise to Fascism. The burden of proof is now thrown upon Democracy to show that it can reject Liberalism and still stay away from Communism and Fascism. The outstanding clarity of the book is most noticeable in this exposition. The Old Liberalism, the New Liberalism, Communism, Fascism are not merely defined, but are traced from the formation of their principles through their subsequent development. In this way, the tedious rote of definition and exposition is turned into satisfyingly readable matter.

"The Twilight of Democracy" investigates the present status of Democracy. Democracy failed because it abandoned the principles upon which it was founded, which alone could make it work. Without any hesitation or timidity, the author explodes notions held by many in our own country. Democracy is not of itself sacred and immortal. It did not even have the sanction of the original American founders of our Constitution. Democracy is a means and not an end. Its end must be the goal of all good government, to procure the common good. The most unfortunate action of Democracy was to tie up with Individualism. The incisive style in which these facts are given to us may be gathered from this one quotation: "The Democracy presented after the war had lost its soul."

The second main division of the book states the principles upon which successful Democracy must be based; principles that are found in Catholic tradition. Father Parsons' chapter on the "Christian Concept of the State" gives clear indication of his scholastic background. The problem here discussed is "where does the state get the right to govern?" In the fashion of a true Jesuit, he puts all materialists and liberalists who cannot defend the rights of individuals upon a dilemma. They must take either anarchy or arbitrary powers for the state. Then, in his characteristically clear manner, he shows that the Law of God

is given to the community and then by the community to rulers. The Catholic doctrine is not the Divine Rights of Kings but the Divine Rights of Peoples.

The third section of this book discusses an application of these principles to our American problems. Democracy is faced with a direct challenge today. Communism stands as an opponent especially in its fear-inspired policy of the "outstretched hand." This foe in contrast to the rising Fascism is seen by this writer as a lost cause.

Industrial Justice, Racial Justice, and International Justice are then treated in that order. His advice at this point is to follow the suggestions of the Holy Father in working out a system of occupational groups in industrial life. It is notable that no political system is advocated for this. International justice may be obtained only when the same sanction of natural law is used by nations as is used by individuals. That Father Parsons is no idealist fooled by the propaganda of the day is shown here: "Now this much is certain, as far as Great Britain and France are concerned; their governments were no more desirous of going to war to implant democracy in those countries than they were of doing it on the planet Jupiter. It is only some foolish and uninformed Americans who see in that issue any sort of reality. The democracy issue happened to be a plausible one for the present for use among us."

The last chapter, which gives the book its title, I must leave to the enjoyment of the reader. It will be enough to say that it conveys a hopeful, optimistic attitude and that it gives advice in a fatherly way. This quotation from the last paragraph explaining the mission of the Church shows very clearly, I believe, the author's own mission in this book. "The mission of the Church is neither economic nor political, nor has it any other secular function. Its mission is to teach and to save, and to do that by supernatural means, not natural. It is the channel of truth and of grace. It must keep before men always the ideal of justice and charity in their social relations. It must show them that they are all brothers in Christ Jesus, and that it is their duty, not the Church's, to bring about the abolition of injustice and the reign of charity. At the same time, it will show them the truths concerning men, and society, and God, that must animate any sound reconstruction of the social order. When it departs from that into the manipulation of political forces, it has thrown away its strongest weapon, which is its influence on the souls and not on the bodies of men."

In summary, here is a book that is enlightening in contrast to the



many that find their way to the social science shelves of the libraries. It is enlightening for the clergyman, the sociologist, the statesman, the economist, the historian of tomorrow, the political scientist, the newspaperman, the student or the worker—for all of these, whether they find themselves in the upper, the middle, or the lower class of society. To all is given a more stable ground upon which to build their doctrines for greater liberty and security. The culture and scholastic background of knowledge which is the intellectual asset of Father Parsons will attract the more intellectual readers to the book. On the other hand, its directness will appeal to the more ordinary type of reader, who will like the quick, almost nervous style that seems to indicate the dismay of the author if there be any delay in putting into action these correct principles. In addition to this, none can fail to feel the touch of universality that is present here. Father Parsons is American, but he may well be of any nationality, for he views the world's problems unpartisanly, and attempts to find their solution. There is a sense that, like the Pope, he is fighting not for one country, not for one race, but for all the children of God. A reason for this is that he derives his principles from the law of God—from the Father of the whole human race. Could we ask then for a surer or better source?

*Marie R. Carey, '40*

*Fair Warning*, by John Holmes. Illustrations by Henry B. Kane. New York: Henry Holt & Company, 1939. 101 pages.

IN his latest book of poems, John Holmes ignores for the most part the hallowed ground of serious poetry to venture into the less-respected but equally testing field of light verse. Although the author is the last person in the world who would claim that his work is on any great import, yet we cannot escape the conviction that this book constitutes a sunshine bath for the depressing temper of much modern living and literature. The Author's sparkling wit shines in every line. Here is one poet to whom life is enjoyable, not overpowering—to whom life is one grand, sweet, funny song.

Holmes' principal method of achieving amusing results is to parody a famous poem on a grandiose subject by a trivial subject touched in a light manner in the same metrical form as the original. He is king in the realm of the mock-heroic. Again, he astonishes with amusing results by



touching famous lines of poetry with his slightly distorting, Puck-loving pen: and we get: "Ay tear his tattered academic gown."

A sound appreciation of values distinguishes the author's philosophy of life. A remarkable ability to see the humorous side of human nature intensifies his approach to the presentation of its foibles. An intelligent choice of apt words graces his language, and a clever understanding of poetic principles builds up his verse technique, light though that verse may be.

The book is divided into four sections under the titles: "Difficult People," "The Pity Is," "Sweetly Solemn Thoughts," and "Every Day In Books." This arrangement gives him opportunity to deal with all types (for we all can be difficult at times): with the melodramatic, the sentimental, the might-have-beens; the humor in the man just aches to get at the sweetly solemn thoughts; and present day writers are treated to succinct, snappy, epigrammatic critiques of their works, of their personalities. And the arrow hits the bull's eye every time.

In a prefatory poem Mr. Holmes gives an amusingly accurate estimate of his own work. With all its banter, it shows him a recognizer of the ability of others, and a good critic in his own case. Although his ruse is to forestall criticism, or rather to give critics a 'line', yet he is right in ranking Dorothy Parker, Ogden Nash, David McCord, Franklin P. Adams, as his superiors in the art of writing light verse. We feel like adding; give John Holmes time, and he will beat them at their own game. Were I to begin quoting from this funny book, I should never stop until I had quoted the entire book; but I can't resist this from "The Strange Case of the Faithful Reader":

"Eight and twenty nights passed;  
Still there remained to read  
A hundred solid pages.  
The book of the month indeed!"

That is a taste of its flavor.

If we were to adopt Mr. Holmes's own style of critical judgment, we should say of his work:

We find no fault  
With Henry Holt  
Publishing poems  
By Mr. Holmes.

The splendid illustrations of Henry B. Kane both complement and intensify the delightful tone of Mr. Holmes's verses. The tandem-team of Holmes and Kane runs in perfect harmony of thought and spirit.

Margaret Dalton, '40

*You'd Better Come Quietly*, by Leonard Feeney, S.J. New York: Sheed & Ward, 1939. 220 pages.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES once said, "Every now and then a man's mind is stretched by a new idea and never shrinks back to its former dimensions." It is as yet too premature to draw such a conclusion about Father Leonard Feeney; but there is one thing certain, in this book he has plunged, explored, and rounded for himself a new depth. Much of the matter has doubtless been read before as it appeared essay by essay in "America." You have already recognized "Dialogue With an Angel," "Notes on Names," and "The Blessed Sacrament Explained to Barbara." But the book's chief "raison d'être" is unquestionably "Explaining The Trinity to Thomas Butler," with the title essay "You'd Better Come Quietly" as a close runner-up. The first of these essays is written in the first person most directly to Thomas Butler. The approach is made with the simplicity of a child, the artistry of the symbols is that of the poet, but the extreme soundness of doctrine belongs to the theologian.

Here are a few examples of the three aforementioned qualities apparent in this essay. The direct and simple approach:

"Saint Patrick used the shamrock as a symbol of the diversity of identity in God. Let me use a better one. I shall take water." He chooses the symbol which makes the Blessed Trinity most lucid to him. He does not apologize for choosing his own symbol, and foregoing that of St. Patrick. Apologies in this instance would entangle the fact—everything would be awkward. Besides, children are most graceful when direct, most lacking in grace when they "wind about and in and out." There is the inevitable poet, when he likens himself to the moth assailing the flame of the candle, as he attacks the Trinity from a new angle. He says,

"Even so, some spark of me may veer off as I disappear into the con-

flagration and may lend a momentary lustre to your eye. If so, I shall have been well devoured. A moth is like a mind—and better to die in a dazzle than rot in a decay.” Here is the philosopher and the theologian.

“A mystery is not a fact about which we know nothing. It is a fact about which we cannot know everything. But the deeper we plunge the more we learn.”

“When you say ‘What’ you inquire for nature.

When you say ‘Who’ you inquire for person. . .

There is only one What in God.

There are three Whos.”

It is a constant building up in a logical succession and sequence of a series of points like these, that erects the overwhelming fact of the Trinity delicately and beautifully.

The essay entitled “You’d Better Come Quietly” is probably second only to the previously mentioned. Has not a human being with the powers of nutrition, growth, and reproduction like the plant, and sensation, locomotion like the animal, the right to look upward in the scale toward God, instead of having to wallow in the would-be degradations of the flesh that those of the fatalist school would heap upon him? Father Feeney believes that a man has normally, both naturally and supernaturally, the right to be happy. After all, the hunchback is the only rational creature who must look at the ground every day. He is a perversion. But at night, he too can lie and look up at the stars. The eventual point of this chapter is to start with a stone and run the whole upward round of creation until you arrive at the Maiden-mother of God, the Gate of Heaven—through which Gate “You’d Better Come Quietly.”

Most of the other essays are of a different order from those discussed. “The Menace of Puns” is clever; “The Little Bluebirds,” a chivalrous tribute to the hostesses of the airways; “Instructions for Meeting Mrs. Nolan,” I leave unclassified, and “Notes on Names,” whimsical enough to delight you, and helpful enough to influence the choice of a baby’s name. “The Problem Mind” is the only one which seems in spite of all the surface cleverness to fall a little flat. It is also probably the only one in which Father Feeney’s naturally spontaneous humour veers off into something like a series of Mark Twainisms. There seems to be a strain-



ing for humour, of a totally different kind which does not please so much.

The book is filled with clever writing, contagious humour, and two companioned flights into the realm of the supernatural. It is a book for those who laugh from pure delight in things, and for those who relish the keen joy of bite-hard intelligences.

*Clare Stanton, '40*

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# A METEORIC RISE AND . . .

*Anonymous*

WHEN Ferdinand Marie, Viscount de Lesups, stood at the gateway of the East, and fashioned his dream of Suez, he would doubtless have been astounded, not to mention, outraged, had he been aware that one day a steel-willed, ruthless little man would announce brazenly from the mountains of Berchtesgaden that the Canal was to become incorporated into the legacy of a greater Germany. The same would surely be said of any group of loyal Englishmen who witnessed the triumphant ceding of Gibraltar to Britain at the Treaty of Utrecht after the War of the Spanish Succession, had they known that a century hence this same Gibraltar would be demanded by a nationally-feared German proletarian. When Napoleon Bonaparte made his peace with the Catholic Church at St. Helena, in his captive home two thousand feet above the sea, with the southeast gales blowing up the cup of the valley, he, too, would have been perhaps astonished had he known that he would become the idol of a bitter, obscure paper-hanger, with the insatiable ambition for world acclaim that has placed Adolf Hitler on the terrifying heights he now occupies.

For despite the scintillating modernity of New York's skyline, Hollywood glamour films, China Clippers, and ocean liners as magnificent as the *Queen Elizabeth*, this century is fundamentally no different from any other. We still have our would-be Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar in the persons of Adolf Hitler and Josef Stalin. Pope Pius XII has forces to combat every bit as appalling as those repelled by the pontiffs who subjugated the barbarian invaders, Mohammedan hordes, or internal church schisms.



As Napoleon was an ardent student of the heroes of antiquity, so Hitler is a no less ardent student of Napoleon. If Napoleon had the aid of Talleyrand, so has Hitler at his disposal the sinister cunning of Joachim von Ribbentrop, Hermann Wilhelm Goering, Paul Joseph Goebbels, and Rudolph Hess. If Fouché was head spy in the France of Napoleon, so is Herr Heinrich Himmler head spy in the Germany of Hitler. In the "Affair of the Rue Nicaise" an attempt was made to assassinate Napoleon by the conflagration of a barrel of powder at the Gates of the Tuileries while proceeding from Palace to Opera, just as this past autumn Hitler barely escaped from a Munich beer parlor before the explosion of a time bomb. On the field of battle the parallel is also noteworthy. As Napoleon first sought the friendship of Alexander I, Czar of Russia, only to return in the role of a belligerent and burn Moscow, so Hitler, meretriciously, has sought the friendship of Stalin. But as Moscow was the key-note that led, in the last analysis, to Bonaparte's defeat at the hands of Lord Wellington at Waterloo, so, perhaps, the non-aggression pact signed by von Ribbentrop at the Kremlin, may indicate the fall of Hitler's star.

It is no exaggeration to state that the admiration Hitler entertains for Napoleonic technique may well turn the tide of our destinies to a cataclysmic deluge. The kings of American finance, housewives, scientists, college students, men and women from every walk of life, will unconsciously meet their destiny according to the outcome of the political and military game of checkers being played in the capitals of Europe, and on the battlefields of the Mannerheim Line and the Western Front. In comparison with the millions of unknown individuals of every nation, it is ironic to note that only the names of a minority will survive on the pages

of history to tell the story of events that influenced the course of all our lives, and over which we had not the most remote control.

For that reason, it is with more than ordinary interest that in following the steps of the leading actors in this greatest of European dramas, we turn our attention hopefully to His Holiness, Pope Pius XII.

To this tall, peace-loving father of Christendom, the task awaiting him must indeed appear gigantic, as he looks calmly from the Vatican across the seven hills of Rome, rose-tinged in the sunset, and dotted with the relics of antiquity. Surely in traversing the path of history, he must reflect upon the problems of his outstanding predecessors upon the throne of St. Peter. There was Leo III, who placed on Charlemagne's shoulders the purple robe of empire; Gregory VII, formerly Hildebrand, who kept Henry IV of Germany waiting for a papal audience in the snows of Canossa; Pius V, who issued the bull of excommunication against Elizabeth of England, and whose courage inspired the saving battle of Lepanto; Martin V, whose election ended the Great Schism and banished forever the shadow of Avignon; Pius XI, of glorious memory, whose signing of the Lateran Treaty with the Italian Government in 1929 marked the beginning of a new era of peace, or so it seemed.

Though, to Catholics, the Vicar of Christ is the logical mediator among troubled nations, we must indeed grant that in this instance, the combined forces of Communism and Naziism present a formidable barrier to even the most powerful of spiritual leaders, the Roman Pontiff. It is not the first time that Germany has been at odds with the Papacy, hence it is not too unusual for a pope to receive a diplomat from that troublesome country. In the case, however, of von Ribbentrop, considering his recent activities



at the Kremlin, not to mention the German atrocities in Poland where congregations are terrified by machine guns in choir lofts, and wayside crosses and shrines have been tampered with, the Pope's gesture is one of singular magnanimity, perhaps also induced by the Pope's obvious desire to avoid a grave diplomatic *faux pas*. Catholic Poland has always been dear to the heart of the Papacy, and her recent cruel demolition presents a truly overwhelming situation, which we hope will be ameliorated as a result of the Pontiff's stern interview with von Ribbentrop in which it is generally conceded, he assumed the role of a priest in a confessional hearing the sins of a penitent, and allotting as penance, strict reparation to persecuted individuals, both Catholic and non-Catholic. As Poland rose gloriously after her first partition in 1772, occasioned by the invasion of Catherine the Great of Russia, so will she rise again, but this time there will be aid for both the Pope and the vanquished nations from the most powerful country of them all, as evidenced in the visit of Under-Secretary of State, Sumner Welles, and the appointment of Myron C. Taylor.

In other ages there arose to the defense of the Papacy an Emperor Charlemagne, a St. Louis of France, a Ferdinand of Spain. It would indeed be glorious to realize that amid the turmoil of the twentieth century, America heard the sound of silver trumpets and took her place beside the Pontiff to fight for Christendom, even as Mr. Taylor took his place of honor at the Pope's first anniversary Mass in the magnificent Basilica of St. Peter's. A favor, we agree, for Sumner Welles to be invited to tea at Buckingham Palace as the guest of George VI and Elizabeth, but who won't say that it is a still greater favor to stand side by side with Pius in the defense of democracy? Apart from the fact that



to American Catholics the role of America as mediator is particularly pleasing, it is of salient importance not only to us, but to America herself, that the visit of Mr. Welles, and the appointment of Mr. Taylor prove a vast medium of help to the Pope.

The 'war of nerves' is now at a decisive point. No one assumes to predict the outcome. The American people will not know until it is vouchsafed by historians, or by Mr. Welles in his own memoirs, what exactly was imparted to him by the dignitaries of Europe. This information is to be reserved exclusively for President Franklin D. Roosevelt. We wonder how true are the words of Wartime Foreign Secretary of England, Edward Gray, when he said, "The lamps are being put out in Europe. They will not be re-lit in our time." Perhaps not, but meanwhile we Catholics, in looking to such leaders as Pius XII, can happily recall the words that inspired Constantine in the victory of the Milvian Bridge, "*In hoc signo vinces.*" It is comforting to note that the empires of Alexander the Great, of Julius Caesar, of Elizabeth Tudor, and of Napoleon, are but the fragments of a dream recorded in history, while Rome still stands on her seven hills as she will stand long after the Third Reich has become a memory, and the walls of the Kremlin have crumbled.

Meanwhile for us who live on Main Street, the fact remains that Germany and Russia are planning to rule the world, that the words, "All Quiet" are re-echoing on the Western Front, and that we must still conjecture about the answer to that all-important question as yet over-shadowing our destinies—how high is Hitler's star?

Or is it just a comet speeding with brief glory across the horizon, speeding through the darkness only to fade, however gradually, in the oncoming glory of a new dawn?

# PRESCIENCE

*Clare Stanton, '40*

Some even when the birds are still,  
When wild things vanish under the hill,  
And all the rest and you in bed  
Laden and uncomforted;  
When eyes are closed upon a warring mind,  
Eyes most deliberately blind  
To the patterned leaves upon the wall,  
The shadow of a hundred things that fall  
Across the pattern of a life —  
Then like a sleeping child,  
Half gentle, half wild  
In the waking, reluctantly  
Turn, seeing the Hand upon the lamp  
And follow up . . .  
And gaze!  
And gaze!  
Till acolyte stars shall candle the climb,  
Out of this hour, out of this time, . . .  
Then, then, you will know  
Nor any guiding word to tell you so.

## TWO OPINIONS

*Anna Higgins, '41*

MY cousin, Eric, insists that Schiller's play "The Robbers" presents evidence that Schiller, if he were now living, would be one of the staunchest Nazis in the country. In his opinion, the very essence of the tragedy is identical with the heart of the Hitler regime. For my part, Schiller's work seems but to indicate that the poet was a loyal disciple of the Bard of Avon. That the play is German in tone is obvious; hence it seems rather ridiculous that my cousin should scoff at the Shakespearean echoes in this tragedy. To him, the spirit of the young Nazis is the entire play; to me, the Shakespearean influences constitute its major value.

Yet it must be admitted that there is much of the spirit of "The Robbers" that would appeal to the fancy of such a near-Nazi as young Eric. He feels the way a modern critic does, who says that the play is the voice of youth, of a new generation, "rejoicing in freedom, rejoicing with one who helps himself."

In "The Robbers," Eric sees the freedom from restraint, as exemplified by Karl Moor and his friends. At the University, the young group of radicals drink, make merry, spend money that they have not, talk politics rashly, resent obstacles set in the way of their restless quest for excitement. Theirs is a fine, lordly disregard of the conventions of society. Theirs is a world apart, scornful of the



world's traditions. Perhaps in this, Eric finds the modern German youth.

In Act I, Spiegelberg, in a flow of picturesque oratory, persuades his friends to take the law in their own hands, to wrest their living by robbery, to help themselves to what they desire. His mentality is low, his logic faulty, yet he sways this section of German youth in just such a way as another demagogue does today. Another situation in the play seems almost prophetic of modern Germany. Karl Moor, the student, who is disowned by his father, humbles himself to apologize to him. Rebuffed, he seeks to wreak his vengeance on mankind for the hurt done him. He raves in his fury:

“Robbers and murderers! Yes, I will unite with these and trample on all laws. I appealed to man and man shut his ear against me. Away therefore, all sympathy, all mercy, all humanity — for my vengeance will be horrible.”

There seems here to be analogy in the situation of once powerful Germany forced to humble herself at Versailles, emerging with the purpose of showing the world how she shall wreak her vengeance upon it.

Such incidents, however, are not the portions of the play that appeal to Eric as being exceptionally Germanic. It is the hero, himself, Karl Moor, noble-hearted lover of nature and humanity who represents the German spirit. His later hatred of mankind is not so very comprehensive, for in his thievery, Moor is a Robin Hood, who takes from the rich to give to the poor. My cousin admires the foolhardy daring of Karl who schemes to save his man Razman from the gallows. Eric here chooses to ignore the burning of the entire village in order to effect the rescue. The fact that Karl sacrifices his beloved Amalia to keep faith with the robber

band delights my cousin, for he thinks in such sacrifice of one for the common good lies the strength of the nation. As the robbers are invincible, so does Germany appear to Eric, who sees little absurdity in the outcome of the battle in which two hundred of the oppressors lose their lives and only one robber. The significance to him is that the robber band is free to continue its outlawry even in the face of their leader's intended surrender. So now the German youth will march undauntedly even when their leader falls, thinks Eric. In the evil, intriguing brother, Franz who robs Karl of his father's favor and his inheritance, Eric sees the intrigues of the world against Germany. Apparently, he does not realize that Karl's downfall came not from Franz's plans, but from his own stubborn pride, from his own attitude of revolt against mankind in general.

In other points, the spirit of the play is far removed from the youth of modern Germany. Each character although seemingly freed from a formal religious cult, possesses a strong feeling for a personal God. As Professor Kühnemann suggests, it seems as if it is not Karl nor Franz but God Himself who is the hero — God whom they abandon or try to supplant and who shows them finally that He indeed "knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust." Since cousin Eric cannot reconcile this undercurrent of religious belief with the spirit of the German youth of today, he frequently, at this point, turns to my favorite contention, a discussion of Shakespearean echoes in "The Robbers."

---

Whoever reads the first scene of this tragedy must necessarily be reminded of the sub plot in "King Lear," the scene between Gloucester and his son, Edmund. In Schiller's play, Count Moor represents the credulous father,

Franz, the scheming, less favored son. Both Edmund and Franz seek to undermine this parental favor to their brother by means of forged letters that they read with apparent reluctance. Edmund says: "I shall offend either to detain or give it." Franz speaks thus: "I ought to be mute . . . but to obey you is my first duty." Edmund warns his brother to flee; Franz writes to Karl that his father has disowned him. Count Moor, the credulous father is less violent in his anger, less severe in his intended punishment than is Gloucester. Further points of similarity occur between the two plots. Edgar believes immediately in his father's fury, flees without investigation, dons the guise of a madman. Karl accepts Franz's bitter letter as his father's final word, does not seek his father, and becomes a robber.

Both fathers are cruelly treated by their unnatural sons. Schiller permits Franz to lock Count Moor in a dungeon on almost starvation diet; Edmund stands by, unprotesting, while his father's eyes are gouged out, as a result of his son's perfidy. Both Edmund and Franz usurp their titles and properties while the true lords are living; both Edmund and Franz scorn old age and sneer at "dotards." The cruelty perpetrated on Gloucester is matched also in "The Robbers," in this instance a little child is tossed into the flames by one of the robber band. Both scenes are too horrible even to imagine; Schiller's is less terrifying because it is told to the audience; on Gloucester the butchery is done on the stage. Toward his evil son, Moor is more violently angry than is Gloucester. Both wish for sight of their favored boys. Moor, released from his prison, weak and aged, cries: "But it is just that I should suffer. My Karl! My Karl!" Blind Gloucester wandering on the heath mourns: "Ah dear son Edgar, the food of thy abused father's wrath." Similarly in both plays, the wicked sons apparent-



ly reform, a reform prompted by fear. When Edmund is mortally wounded, he says: "I pant for life: some good I mean to do, despite of mine nature." In his fear, Schiller's Franz attempts to pray: "Hear my prayer, Almighty God. It is the first I ever uttered . . . Oh Lord God, I have not been a common murderer . . . I have not been guilty of any trifling crimes."

Edmund's attempt to rescue Cordelia and Lear was caused by the certainty of his near death. Franz, realizing that his brother's henchmen were closing around him, prayed for like reasons. Both reforms were frustrated by the actual happenings. Edmund spoke too late to save the life of Cordelia; Franz's prayers are ineffectual. Listen to the words of his servant, Daniel "God have mercy on us; even his prayers are crimes." After reading "King Lear" one may believe in the sincerity of Edmund's attempt to reform; but in "The Robbers," Franz's change of heart is not convincing.

In their very improbabilities, these two plays are similar. Count Moor, the weak, old father speaks to, yet fails to recognize his son, Karl, who has saved him; blind old Gloucester does not know Edgar who saves him from suicide.

"Othello" marks more pointedly than "King Lear" the last action of Karl. Both these tragic characters act in this last gesture supposedly for the right. Othello kills Desdemona to save her from further injury to her soul — or so, he persuades himself. Karl kills Amalia to preserve her from the rest of the robbers. But mark the contrast here: Othello, ever law-abiding will not allow himself to be taken into custody; so he kills himself. Karl, the outlaw, gives himself up to custody and certain death. Each drama makes use of a blind, stupid tool to help the villain, who is

lured on by the promise of marriage with the beloved of the hero. Roderigo stirs up trouble because Iago has promised him Desdemona; Hermann intercepts messages, acts a part, because Franz has offered him Amalia, Karl's betrothed.

That Schiller was influenced by "Othello" cannot be denied. In fact, it was the first of Shakespeare's plays that he read. In connection with the "Othello" influence, a modern critic remarks with reference to the mature genius of Shakespeare in this play, and the still youthful manner of Schiller: "The object of Othello's rage is not an abstract thing, as is the moral order of the world for Karl. It is warm, human life, Desdemona."

Resemblances in "The Robbers" that parallel with "King Lear" seem more striking to this writer than those of "Othello". In "King Lear" the whole tragedy centres about the fate of the father. The name of the father is the sacred symbol of the family. This is mature work. Schiller is young; his work turns into the story of the young men, the brothers.

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The fact that Eric sees the modern Nazi youth in "The Robbers"; that I see Shakespeare in every scene, is but a testimony to the universal quality of Schiller's work. Schiller looks back one hundred and eighty years to "Othello" and Shakespeare; he looks forward one hundred and sixty years to the modern world. Only a man of great ability could span the abyss separating the Elizabethan and Machine Ages.

## NIGHT'S MAGIC

*Gertrude Robbins, '41*

The moon shines like an icy eye  
As if to cool the flaming sky  
When fires of sunset blend and die.  
Its beams o'er earth turn silver frost  
Concealing pain, the final cost  
When ventured stakes in love are lost;  
And leave love's gambler-broken heart  
In armor cased, 'gainst Cupid's dart.

Anon with all its cool devices,  
The cunning starlit night suffices  
To fan love's flames, and thus entices  
This lover's faint and fearful heart,  
To throw its mailèd coat apart,  
And don Love's valiant robe to start  
In quest of Psyche, wing his flight  
At call of eerie magic Night.



# FLIGHT

*Helen M. McEttrick, '41*

“**P**LANE leaving for Chicago, Denver, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco.”

Those in the waiting room at Roosevelt Field got up from the cozy, comfortable chairs, and walked out to where the plane stood gleaming brilliantly in the late afternoon sun.

Anne Dalton, the hostess on the big flying palace, looked over the passenger list interestedly. Though she had been on planes many times, she was still as thrilled by the preparations and the study of the passenger list as she had been on her first flight. The passengers made all the difference in the world. If it were their first trip, they were sometimes hard to handle, and often needed a little assurance from the co-pilot. Generally, Anne felt she was equal to the ordinary emergency. If the passengers had flown before, they knew the routine of things, and always managed to enjoy themselves.

They were boarding the plane now: two elderly ladies, a young couple, four business men, a young college girl, a young man of sad aspect, a governess with her eager, inquisitive charge, a boy of nine, who was at the moment manifesting an uncanny interest in safety belts. Anne seated them according to their tickets, fastened their belts, and had them settled by the time the contact took place. The twin motors of the giant *Douglas* turned over smoothly, the plane taxied down the runway, and gaining speed, picked up altitude. Soon the attendants on the field were but mere specks. It was a cloudless day, perfect weather for flying.

“First trip?” asked Anne of the two elderly ladies.

“Yes, miss, and I don’t mind telling you I’m afraid. Elizabeth here persuaded me to travel this way, and I tell you nobody’s ever going to get me to do it again.”

“You’ll never travel any other way than by air after this trip,” she assured the old lady smilingly, and turned her attention to Martha Trent, the governess. This was her first trip; that Anne could see without asking.

“Oh, oh, I feel awful,” groaned Martha. Bobby with the forthrightness of nine years blurted out,

“Hey, this is nothing yet, Martha. Wait till we start over the mountains and hit a few air pockets, then you’ll really feel sick.”

“I’m not going to wait that long, young man,” she moaned; “the first time this plane sets foot on the ground, I’m getting off. If your father is so anxious to see you he can fly to Chicago, but I’m not going to the coast on this contraption.”

“Oh, you’ll change your mind, Martha,” Bobby comforted.

Anne glanced at the other passengers. They were veterans, she knew. The business men had already fallen asleep. Over in the corner by himself sat the young man, Steve Marshall of New York City, so her list tabulated him. He was tall, intelligent looking, but very sad. Before talking to him a minute, Anne knew he was still suffering from a severe blow.

“Yes, I’ve been up before,” he answered her inquiry, with a wan smile. “I’ve even had my hands on the controls of one for a few hours, but I never went much further than that.”

“Yes, I’m going to the coast, but I don’t think I’m going to enjoy the trip. The last time I made it with my wife on

our second wedding anniversary. She died three weeks ago today."

For once in her life Anne felt at a loss for words. The wise thing to do she felt was to leave Mr. Marshall to his thoughts. So saying a few words of sympathy she passed on.

The young couple in seats seven and eight were quite oblivious to all but themselves. Honeymooners, thought Anne. Well she'd leave them to each other; three is a crowd in such instances. It was rather tough on Steve Marshall to see them though.

"But that's Life," murmured Anne.

A few hours later the lights of the Chicago airport gleamed below. The plane steadily dropped, and taxied to a stop.

"Well, we're at Chicago, Martha," yelled Bobby, "and I want to go all the way by airplane. If you don't, I'll scream so loud and long that you'll never be able to stop me; or I'll hide on you, and that will worry you the way it always does," he threatened as they got off the ship.

"Plane leaves in twenty minutes," Anne told them, "so don't wander too far."

Anne went into the office. Inside, she noticed Steve Marshall sitting with his face buried in his hands.

Two other passengers were coming on here. The pilots were being changed. Bill Martin, Anne learned was taking the controls from here out to the coast. That usually meant a date for her in 'Frisco. This trip was really going to be good.

She boarded the plane and made out a report, "Everything O.K." Twenty minutes later the lights of Chicago were but tiny dots on the horizon. They would reach Denver by midnight if on schedule. The sky looked cloudless, the stars were beginning to come out. Night flying was Anne's biggest thrill.



Miss Trent and Bobby she noticed had come back on the plane. Poor Miss Trent. About ten o'clock, Anne served coffee and sandwiches, and the plane settled down for the night. Even the energetic Bobby had fallen asleep. Two of the business men were getting off at Denver. Denver on the night plane usually presented no difficulties; the passengers slept, and Anne often went forward to talk with the pilot. Steve Marshall was not asleep; he sat staring moodily out the window.

A few hours later, Denver. As the plane taxied to a stop, Anne noticed that the night had become a little murky. She wondered if the plane would be grounded. Usually one ran into bad weather out of Denver and over the mountains; the rain could turn to snow, then ice, and the going would be hard. After the allotted half hour, the plane took off again, her nose pointed towards San Francisco.

An hour out of Denver, Anne's forebodings came true. The rain kept up steadily until after they entered the pass in the mountains, then it turned to snow that stuck to the wings. Soon it would be ice, the one thing pilots could not fight. With Bill Martin at the controls, however, things ought to go without any serious mishap, for Bill had brought planes in and out of the mountains safely every trip. If only he would not have to fight ice, there would be no cause for alarm. Anne could feel the plane bank sharply first to the left, then to the right. She could have put out her hand and touched a mountain top. But if the mountain top touched one — then . . . The snow fell faster and hardened on the wings. One more sharp bank to the left. A few of the passengers awoke; Bobby, with a whoop, "Oh, ice on the wings; just like a Bill Barnes story." The Kane sisters were clutching each other. The young girl was endeavoring to hide her fear under a careless shrug. Steve

Marshall sat impassive. The light in the cabin flashed red. Anne went up forward to meet Bill Martin's strained look.

"We're going to land, Anne, fasten all the belts. Try to keep the passengers from making nervous wrecks of themselves."

"Do you think you can make it, Bill?"

"Well, I've done it before, but keep your fingers crossed just the same." As Anne made her way back to the cabin she looked upon a thoroughly aroused, not to say frightened group. The plane gave a sickening lurch; the lights went out. The last thing she remembered was Bobby screaming,

"We hit a mountain, Martha. I guess the wing's torn off."

\* \* \* \* \*

With the return of consciousness, Anne felt someone shaking her; then an anxious voice said,

"Are you hurt?"

"No, I don't think so," she answered, stretching her limbs experimentally. She looked up into the face of Steve Marshall.

"How are the others?"

"Rather badly hurt. Miss Trent is caught under the seat and Bobby is tugging at her to try to get her out. Poor little fellow."

"And you?" queried Anne.

"Oh, I'm all right. Don't bother about me." Steve went forward to render what aid he could.

Anne looked around the demolished cabin. The plane was stuck in a snow drift at the foot of the mountain. With a great effort, she arose, to get over to Miss Trent. From one look at her, she knew that without medical help and

that soon, Miss Trent would die. The fearful Miss Kane seemed to have escaped any serious injury. The bridegroom and the student were still unconscious. She made the conscious as comfortable as she could, then went forward to the control cabin where she found Bill Martin struggling to pull the co-pilot away from his under-pinned position at the wheel. Bill seemed to be in a daze. Anne noticed a deep gash in his forehead.

“Radio’s out of commission and Tim seems to be seriously hurt. It’s his leg, I think.” Steve Marshall was soon on the scene, and their united efforts pulled the co-pilot away from the wreckage. They made him as comfortable as possible in the cabin.

“Someone will have to go for help,” Anne said aloud, “or all these people will likely die.”

She looked outside; the storm was still raging; it was impossible to see five feet ahead.

“Where are we Bill?”

“Somewhere over the Pass just out of Denver,” he answered. If the radio could only be worked we might get help, but it’s dead. I’ll go out and take a look around to see what kind of a place we are caught in.”

He jumped down from the plane (Anne wondered how he had the strength to do it; for she knew he was hurt more seriously than he was pretending). Anne watched him make his way slowly and haltingly over the snow. He stumbled once or twice, then fell face downward.

Over Anne’s shoulder, Steve Marshall had seen him fall. He ran from the plane, and Anne followed close at his heels. They turned Bill over in the snow.

“He’s out cold, Miss Dalton,” said Marshall.

Between them they managed to carry the pilot back to the plane.



"I'll go for help. If you have any charts here I'll take them. I may be able to find my way with them. I used to be a boy scout," Steve laughed, with a lame attempt at humor. "If I don't come back, don't feel too bad. But I'll get through; on the tough assignment I always shine. The pilot will come around in a minute, and you'll get help. So long, Miss Dalton."

Anne watched him go over the same route Bill had tried. She heard footsteps beside her. It was Bobby; his face white and drawn. He was afraid, but trying desperately to be a good scout.

"Do you think we'll ever get out of here?"

"Mr. Marshall has gone for help, Bobby, and I think he'll find someone. Just lie down here and try to sleep, like a good boy."

She heard Bill moving, and went over to him. He looked sheepishly at her.

"I guess I wasn't as strong as I thought, Anne. Have you tried the radio? It won't go anyhow. Wonder if Marshall will ever reach civilization. He did go for help didn't he, or did I dream it?"

"Yes, Bill, he went for help."

"Don't feel too bad, Anne, things will be all right. I always wanted to go out in a crackup. I never could stand being grounded. I'll take a look at Tim."

Anne went round to look after the others. The young bride was sobbing and clutching her semi-conscious husband. Her hysterical sobbing quite unnerved the others, especially the elder Miss Kane. Anne was having her hands full: she knew she was not equal to this situation.

\* \* \* \* \*

The little group huddled in the cabin of the plane breathed a prayer of thanksgiving as they heard the shouts

of the rescuers. Anne asked for Steve Marshall who was not among them.

Mr. Rogers, who seemed the spokesman of the party told her that he was dying, probably dead by this time.

“He doesn’t seem to care, Miss. He kept calling ‘Kathy,’ ‘Kathy.’ ‘I was the only one to go Kathy; I had to go . . . I’ll soon be with you, darling.’

“We were in our cabin, my wife, my son, and I. Something fell up against the cabin door; the weight pushed it in, and a man fell over the threshold. He was half-frozen. We just caught a faint, ‘Plane, pass in mountain, all will be dead, if . . . ’ We had heard the plane go by a few hours ago. My son who is always fooling with a ‘ham’ set of his tried for an hour to pick up a wave length. Finally, a lone ‘ham’ in Denver got the message. That fellow was a brave one, Miss.”

Anne watched the stretcher-bearers taking away the injured. Mechanically, she gave all the aid she could, for her mind was with Steve Marshall and his Kathy. She knew she would always remember him, and his last gallant gesture.

# LOVE AND LIFE

*Elsie G. Brady, '41*

Oh Spring, there is a magic in your kiss;  
It stirs all living things to wakefulness,  
And brings a promise of sweet Summer's bliss.

All seedlings feel your gentle touch and press  
Their heads above the earth and find you there.  
And not a sign of Winter's storm and stress

Remains upon the ground once cold and bare;  
For you have scarfed the world in colors gay,  
Pink, and blue, and green, pied-beauty everywhere.

Your glories lend a sparkle to the bay,  
A perfume to the air, I greet them all,  
You give a rapture to my heart; 'twill stay.

Though Winter's rain and Winter's snow will fall,  
Your spirit, Life and Love, I'll e'er recall.



# HANDS

*Mary C. O'Neill, '41*

MR. HETTY had been head of the glove department in Madison, Inc. for almost ten years. During that time he had fitted countless numbers of gloves to countless numbers of hands. Mr. Hetty had never caught the thrill of monotony that "do it again" is supposed to arouse. He was mighty glad that he was to have an extended vacation for once. As he strolled through the park on the first day of this vacation, there was peace in his soul, there was joy in his heart. He felt with the poet that it was good to be alive. The apparent quiet of the park intensified his calmness and his joy.

He settled himself on a bench in man-like comfort, and unfolded the morning paper. The first thing that caught his eye was

MADISON, INC.

Hitherto unheard of bargains in  
GLOVES

All sizes, all colors, all qualities, to fit  
ALL HANDS

Mr. Hetty read no further. Peace was about to take her flight from him.

"Can I never get away from Madison, Inc. with its visions of gloves and hands, hands and gloves?" he queried half aloud. The air carried his peevish syllables, but no kind voice answered his futile question. Calm soothed him, however, as his eyes looked appreciatively on the bright shrubbery of rhododendrons and the beautiful beds of gladioli.

\* \* \* \* \*

A ghostly grayness spread across the sky, and a strange solitude invaded the park. Mr. Hetty was dimly conscious of the brooding silence and the weird stillness. He must go now, he dazedly felt, if he were to be on time for luncheon. Mrs. Simons, the boarding-mistress, hated to have anyone late to table. He got up, endeavoring to make as little noise as possible, for instinctively he knew he should be quiet. Although there was no one to hear him if he did make any noise, yet he was in terror of every sound he made. He sensed danger hiding somewhere. He should not be here. He must get away from impending disaster. He hastened on. Suddenly, he remembered he had left his hat on the bench. He walked back to the bench, and caught up his hat. Beneath the hat lay a woman's hand. It was cut from the arm at the wrist, the fingers were slightly curved, the thumb was stretched out straight.

Mr. Hetty dropped his hat. Something was beating in his ears; something was roaring in his chest; something was clutching at his throat. He thought he must go to the police at once. Then fear held him, and the channels of thought dried up, the succors of hope fled. Nothing could force him to move; he was hypnotized into immobility by the gruesome sight . . . Pulling himself together with an effort, he impulsively snatched up the hand and threw it among the shrubbery.

Rid of it, he felt his composure returning. As he stooped to wipe his fingers on the grass, he cautiously glanced around him. He saw no one. He felt sure that no one had seen him. Instantly, he decided not to speak of this unusual thing to anyone. He hurried from the park, endeavoring a careless swagger to hide his agitated state. Suddenly a strange little voice sounded in his ear:

“Mr. Hetty, you'll live to lament this. Mr. Hetty,

you'll live to lament this. Mr. Hetty, you'll live to lament this."

He soon reached his boarding-house. Nemesis was awaiting him there in the shape of two sturdy policemen, who asked if they might speak to him. As they entered the parlor, they were greeted anxiously by the boarding-mistress. Then, all at once, the rest of the boarders seemed to gather mysteriously "out of the nowhere into the here."

"Now then," said the sergeant, sitting down and opening his notebook, "please tell me what you know about that?"

Mr. Hetty followed his table-directed glance, and there horror of horrors, lay the severed hand!

The smell of roast turkey was wafted into the room. The policeman bellowed, demanding an answer to his question. He pounded the table again and again to emphasize his question and his authority. Mr. Hetty was growing weaker and weaker, the policeman was pounding harder and harder, the tempting aroma of roast turkey was more and more penetrating the air. Suddenly, Mr. Hetty saw the hand spring from the table and into his lap. The room rolled up, swayed dizzily, faded out, was gone.

Mr. Hetty started up.

"Eh? What?"

He was still on the bench in the park; the gladioli were still in their beds; the rhododendrons were still shrubby. In his lap was a football that two husky boys soon caught and ran off with.

"Ur-rumph," yawned Mr. Hetty. "Funny dream."



# ROMANCES SANS PAROLES

*Paul Verlaine*

*Translated by Katherine F. Downey, '40*

## III

My heart laments within  
As rain falls on the town.  
What lassitude sets in  
My mourning heart, within.

O sweet fall of raindrops,  
Lulling hearts in pain,  
Beat the earth and roof tops  
Monotone of raindrops.

Unfounded tears, unhushed  
Within this sickened heart.  
How now? No broken trust?  
Inane this grief unhushed.

That is the deepest sadness  
To fail to understand,  
Nor with love nor hate's madness,  
My heart's so weighed with sadness.

# THE POET OF THE PIANO

*Caroline Desaulniers, '43*

As I begin to write of Chopin I am brought back in memory to that evening of last Spring when I had the great and pleasurable privilege of hearing and seeing Paderewski. I can see again the stage of the Boston Opera House before Paderewski's appearance, the grand piano, the world-famous stool. I can feel again the thrill that filled my being at Paderewski's appearance on the stage when the whole audience arose instinctively to give tribute to a man who has endeared himself to music-lovers the world over. Slowly he came from the wings and made his way falteringly to the piano. His step was feeble, yet there was nothing feeble about his playing of the works of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, and Chopin. As Paderewski played, I found myself recalling that other Polish musician who loved Poland too; who saw his native land partitioned, as Paderewski has also seen it, but who preferred to remain an exile.

Chopin was born in Poland in eighteen hundred and ten. He was a delicate, high-spirited child, who wept at the sound of music. When he first showed signs of composition attraction, his father engaged Joseph Elsner to teach him theory. His first musical attempts were criticized by those who claimed that he did not follow hide-bound rules. Elsner thus defended Chopin: "Leave him alone; he does not follow the common way because his talents are uncommon. He does not adhere to the old method, because he has one of his own, and his works will reveal an originality hitherto unknown." Elsner's words have been proved true. Chopin's methods are so much his own that he belongs to

no school but his own; a school with one member, himself.

In eighteen hundred and thirty, Chopin left Poland never to return. He first visited Vienna, where he had received high praise for his playing two years before. Vienna had all but forgotten him. He then set out for Paris; there he gave his first concert in eighteen hundred and thirty-two. It was a financial failure, an artistic success. His reputation was made. During the rest of his life Chopin gave concerts in Paris, in Leipzig, in England, and in Scotland. He never again played in Poland.

Chopin has been criticized for this apparent lack of patriotism. He preferred to keep away from Poland when she was in danger. How unlike Paderewski was he! Paderewski places his country first; Chopin placed his music first. Paderewski has helped his country more by being with his people; Chopin helped his countrymen more by being in a distant city. The French welcomed Chopin because of their sympathy for Poland; they sympathized with Poland because of their love for Chopin.

It is fitting to call Chopin the poet of the piano since he wrote for the piano alone. Rubenstein knew well Chopin and his gift when he called him "the piano bard, the piano rhapsodist, the piano mind, the piano soul." His works overflow with the pent-up emotions of his soul. This emotion is absorbed by his listeners and lovers who desire to hear his melodies over and over. They seem to catch from his strains a very foretaste of divine harmonies. Chopin did not express himself in symphonies nor in operas. His genius was small in great things, but it was great in little things. The Prelude in A Major contains but seventeen bars. It is so short, yet so melodious, so complete.

One of Chopin's greatest contributions to music was the raising of the waltz to the dignity of an art form. A



Strauss Waltz gives one the impulse to dance. A Chopin Waltz gives one pause, to stop, to listen. Many of Chopin's best works have been written in the minor key. We note the Waltz in C sharp Minor, perhaps one of the most beautiful of his Waltzes; the Waltz in D flat Major, surely one of the most entertaining of his Waltzes. This composition is usually called the "Minute Waltz"; it is doubtful whether Chopin expected it to be played in a minute. There are many stories extant that try to account for the source of its inspiration; perhaps the most fascinating one is that Chopin watched a dog chasing his tail — and so, this waltz. Chopin's music is a blend of cheerfulness and sadness. The "Minute Waltz" is a cheerful piece, where the "Prelude in C Minor" is sad. In the "Fantasie Impromptu" the qualities of cheerfulness and sadness are harmonized, as it were. The opening theme is gay and lively; the second theme is serious, thoughtful, sad. The combination of cheerfulness and sadness in Chopin's life is thus interpreted in his music, a reflection of his life.

It is difficult to describe in mere words the beauty of Chopin's works. Poetry, we know, is the art of expressing beauty through the medium of words. Again, we know that music is the art of expressing beauty through the medium of sounds. The best way to describe the works of Chopin is to play them; only then will his feelings and emotions become apparent. Through them, we shall, in truth, meet the man who is "nature's most exquisite sounding board, and vibrates to her with intensity, color, and vivacity that have no parallel." We shall thus meet the poet of the piano.

# RESURRECTION

*Kathleen Ryan, '41*

O river, ripple on your joyous way,  
With sparkling song, so tuneful, light and gay.  
Sea waves, shoot forth with glee upon the shore,  
Earth, feel the tender zephyr's breath once more.

O barren trees rejoice. Once lifeless limbs  
Are living now; your greenery, like hymns  
Praise God, Who in benevolence does renew  
Your majesty beneath the sky's deep blue.

O birds, you thrill and captivate my heart  
As song notes from your breasts unpremeditated start.  
What is the secret that you wish to tell  
As you hold me helpless, breathless, in your spell?

Yes, yes, I too shall sing and shout with glee,  
I feel the stir of immortality.  
This body 'll have its winter of decay  
Until comes Spring — and Resurrection Day!

# ENCHANTED CITY

*Mary R. Murphy, '41*

Like witches' castles of fairyland  
Where spells are wrought and evil planned  
The massive buildings towering stand.

Cold black they are against a sky  
Which has been dipped in crimson dye:  
And in the bay, calm waters lie.

Deep tranquil waters, still, and bright,  
By the heaven's reflected light,  
Become a mirror in the night.

On whose bosom steamers ply,  
On whose breast small islands lie,  
Black shadows, as the night draws nigh.

The sea grows black, the red skies fade,  
Bright lights gleam from those castles staid.  
No witches' land — just a city man-made.



# SOPHOMORE FLASHES

PERSONS:

SAINTLINESS BY REQUEST

Life and circumstances have a way of shaping us, of making us give ourselves to a work, of forcing us to sacrifice often our own ambitions and desires for those of our fellowmen. It is Divine Providence shaping and fashioning the character according to some plan of God, and the soul that yields herself to the process becomes a chosen instrument in carrying on God's work. So it was in the case of Blessed Julie Billiart, destined to become the Foundress of a great teaching order, but brought up in circumstances that seemed absolutely opposed to such a vocation. Growing up in France in those years that preceded the Revolution, she perceived the harm done to the children in the lack of schools, so she set herself to the task of transmitting her own knowledge to her playmates and neighbors. Later when she was paralyzed and helpless, she spent her time in praying for others. When a priest who was interested in her asked her to make a novena for a special intention, she displayed her characteristic unselfishness in joining earnestly in the prayers suggested. It seems almost as if the Angels themselves must have smiled when they realized, as Julie did not, that the novena was being made for her own cure. In this instance God intervened and Julie's cure was brought about by her own unselfish prayers. In her response to God's call to found a teaching congregation, it was the need for Catholic training of young girls that prompted her to endure humiliations, sufferings, misunderstandings, and hardship in the attainment of her goal. Again she had responded to a request, a request from God, and the need of innumerable girls craving and thirsting for

secular and religious knowledge. It seems clear that Julie was sent to answer the needs of her time; and her response to each need was but another step forward in her final attainment, Heaven, and her Creator, to Whom she was closely united in each successive phase of her life. In every joy and sorrow her constant prayer was "How good is the good God!"

*Marie Judge, '42*

### JULIE THE TEACHER

The trained teacher of today is one who has acquired her skill in college and post-graduate courses. To her, teaching is a technique, an accomplishment, gained through study and practice; rarely a talent possessed since childhood. Blessed Julie Billiart was different from the modern teacher in that her remarkable power to impart knowledge was a gift from God, bestowed on her in view of the great educational work she was destined to inaugurate. Her love of teaching seemed to be born in her and was manifest in her earliest years. In the village streets of Cuvilly the children clustered around the nine year old Julie, in rapt attention as she explained to them the catechism. Later, in the fields at harvest time, she held the uneducated reapers enthralled as she spoke to them of *le bon Dieu*. After her religious institute was founded she exerted the same influence over her religious daughters, as she instructed them in the ways of community life, and trained them to be teachers in their turn. Her method of instruction has been faithfully guarded in her institute, and has proved flexible enough to meet changing conditions as well as a wide diversity of application in schools for all ages and even for different races.

*Marie T. Sullivan, '42*

## JULIE THE APOSTLE

The heart of an Apostle, the mind of an Apostle, and the soul of an Apostle were Mère Julie's. Always she was striving, searching, reaching for souls, and yet more souls to give to her dear "Good God." This burning zeal permeated her whole spirit. It motivated her final resolution to leave Amiens, where it seemed that her work would be restricted within one community. She must reach out over the whole world to bring souls nearer to her Divine Saviour. And she was successful. This consuming apostolic spirit did not die with Mère Julie, but lives on in the heart of every Sister of Notre Dame, fed and nourished by the lasting, vivid tradition of their Blessed Foundress who had truly the heart of an Apostle.

*Dorothy Gannon, '42*

## AMELIA EARHART

Recently the entire world mourned the disappearance of a charming young woman. She was Amelia Earhart, renowned aviatrix, who failed to return from what she had said would be her last adventure flight.

It was my privilege to meet Miss Earhart a short time before she left on her fatal flight. Without any risk of exaggeration, I may easily say that she was one of the most fascinating characters who ever crossed my path.

Before I had seen her, I fully expected to meet a rowdyish young tomboy. No greater misrepresentation of her could be conceived. Although her work was in a man's field where she was forced to develop self-dependence and great courage, her appearance, her every word and gesture were entirely feminine. She was slender, of medium height and extremely graceful. Her nose tilted upwards, her face was sprinkled with light freckles and her eyes sparkled contin-



uously. Her hair of sandy gold was brushed into a natural wave around her face, and she wore a simple evening dress of brown chiffon and no jewelry.

I saw her address an audience of fifteen hundred people and hold them all speechless and spellbound for an entire evening. Her complete naturalness made everyone feel as if he were an intimate friend. After she had finished speaking, the whole audience surged backstage, reluctant to let her out of their sight. She stood there smiling brightly and shaking hands with everyone until she was actually dragged away by her friends.

It was indeed a great tragedy that a girl as lovable as Amelia Earhart should have been snatched away from the world in such a dramatic manner after a career so brief and breathtaking.

*Marylouise Cahill, '42*

\* \* \* \* \*

### JANET CHAPMAN SCOTT

It was on a houseparty in Maine that I first met her. The indolent group of house guests lying about on the lawn were speculating as to the identity of the intruder who was anchoring a two-masted boat in the cove. Dressed in dungarees and a worn suede jacket, the woman climbing up the hill from the dock could have been mistaken for any of the surrounding gentry but for her cheery greeting which betrayed the presence of Janet Chapman Scott. Immediately the scene became livened up and the conversation was turned to the newly formed artist group in Wiscasset. Janet Scott had found in this Maine coast town both atmosphere and subjects for her character sketches. In addition to her own work, she had the upper loft in a barn transformed into a studio where one night a week, a class

in drawing and sketching was given to both young and old who wished to develop their talent.

In the course of her modest explanation, another artist and his infant son joined the attentive audience. Quickly her agile fingers were working with pencil and pad to catch the movements of the baby's head. With a few masterful strokes she transmitted the head of Charles Sheldon to paper. Instantly her cleverness in child study was discovered. Urged on by her eager listeners, Janet Scott confessed to her secret thrill in life — illustrating children's books. Her portrait work, sketches, and watercolors are pushed aside when a children's manuscript reaches her hands, especially one in which her imagination can have free reign.

During the barrage of questions which followed this confession, Baby Charles, excited by the enthusiasm of the older folks, crawled into her welcome arms, nestled his head on her breast and then slept peacefully. In that age old position she presented a new version of that role so often painted by the artist — the Madonna.

*Catherine Healey, '42*

## PLACES:

### THE SHRINE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

One of the sparkling features of our Religion is the glorious art and sculpture shown in the structure of the churches. A magnificent piece of architecture is to be found in the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, or the Great American Monument to the Mother of God. When completed, it will be man's most praiseworthy tribute to Mary Immaculate.

As we enter the Crypt, we see a field of marble having a unique mosaic design. Majestically forming a pathway to

the central altar are the apses on the columns of which are inscribed the words of the Ave Maria, the Magnificat, the Memorare, Salve Regina, and the Litany — a glorious tribute to the Queen of Heaven. The central altar is the Mary Memorial Altar of our Lady of the Catacombs, built out of semitransparent golden onyx. This altar is placed directly beneath the exquisite ceramic mosaic design symbolizing the Holy Ghost.

A gift from Popes Benedict XV and Pius XI is a mosaic reproduction of Murillo's glorious "Immaculate Conception," a wondrous work of art, backed by a block of Roman Travertine marble. In it are some thirty-five thousand pieces of colored mosaics.

We have seen replicas of the grotto of Lourdes, for there are many in existence, but this one is about the most striking. Separating the chapel, one section for the altar and another section for the people, is a beautiful wrought iron grille, similar to the grille at the entrance. The four walls are graced by medallions which represent Bernadette scraping the ground until the water gushes forth; Christ helping the man near the pool; Christ curing the daughter of Jairus; and Moses striking the rock from which flowed water.

In memory of Bishop Shahan, the advocate of this "Tower of Ivory" a chapel has been erected, in which there is an altar guarded, so to speak, by a sculptured figure of the Bishop, made from Champville marble.

Such a mass of splendor as this symmetry even now presents gives indication of the grandeur of it when it will be completed. Mary, the purest creature ever to live, is honored by this "House of Gold." May "our tainted nature's solitary boast" continue to be such a Mary inspiration to man in the future!

*Polly Brunell, '42*



## MISSIONS OF SAN ANTONIO

In a city of picturesque contrasts, in a spot so lovely that Old World nations warred to gain possession of it are located the far-famed Missions of San Antonio. Against the mellow background of her romantic history, ancient cathedrals and missions nestle amid modern business houses. These beautiful shrines are remarkably well-preserved in spite of the ravages of time and relic-hunters. They stand in mute testimony to the charity and faith and zeal of the kindly, heroic Franciscan missionaries who first taught the Gospel of Love to the Indians of the Texas plains.

There were five Missions established within the City of Saint Anthony: Misión de Nuestra Señora de la Purísima Concepción, Misión San José de Aguayo, Misión San Antonio de Valero, Misión San Juan Capistrano, and Misión de San Francisco de la Espada. Of these, two have attained a more prominent position in the history of Texas. San José is justly acclaimed the "Queen of all the missions in the United States." It has had a glorious history. Its establishment, in 1718, was the work of Divine Providence in behalf of the poor Indians. These "wild children of the plains" were very near and dear to Christ. In view of this fact the patient Padres came up from Mexico to labor untiringly for them. Many of those Indians sought shelter and security in Misión San José and found there such peace and tenderness, love and mercy as they had never before known.

And who has not heard the thrilling story of the immortal Alamo? Here, on that memorable March day in 1836, a handful of American soldiers fought gallantly for Texas' freedom against the superior forces of their foe. The name and the story of the Alamo is engraved deeply in the heart of every true American. Her heroes have set an ex-

ample for us, worthy of emulation. How many, though, know that before it was the "Alamo" it was Mision San Antonio de Valero; and that it was the first of the five neighboring missions along the River of Saint Anthony?

Missions are precious pearls set fast in the crown of the Catholic Church in America. They will long remain a cherished heritage for Catholics and Americans. May they continue to inspire us on to bigger and better things for God and country!

*Josephine McDonough, '42*

## EDITORIAL

### IN MEMORIAM

We pay our tribute here to the name of Edwin Markham, poet and educator, who, after eighty-seven years of fruitful labor, is dead. Born in Oregon City, he spent much of his life in the West, coming East in his later years. To all appearances he died unafraid as he lived unafraid, strong in his certainty of what life meant, and sincere in his desire to make the best of life for himself and for his fellowman.

To be content here with biographical facts is to be superficial and boring; Edwin Markham will not be remembered in years hence for his personal accomplishments, but as the fearless exponent of democracy, of social justice. What he wrote over fifty years ago still holds meaning today, and will hold meaning tomorrow, for he cried out against a social philosophy that was brutally powerful, and patently unchristian; a social philosophy that degraded man from his high estate to brute level.

"God made man in His own image, in the image of God made He him." Upon his conviction Markham based his

poetry; to its practical application he dedicated his life. Unselfishly he used his influence and energy against child-labor laws, against unjust living and working conditions. Markham had actual contact with the class he depicted. His lines breathe intense feeling. Sincerity and pathos ring true in the famous lines of "The Man With The Hoe," now translated into forty different languages:

"Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans  
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
The emptiness of ages in his face,  
And on his back the burden of the world.  
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,  
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,  
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?  
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?  
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?  
Whose breath blew out the light within his brain?

\* \* \* \* \*

How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—  
With those that shaped him to the thing he is—  
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,  
After the silence of the centuries?"

Markham's work was a strange commingling of realism and idealism. He saw things as they were, but never stopped dreaming of things as they might have been. His feet were on the ground, his eyes uplifted to the stars. His unfulfilled hope at the time of his death was a five or six-stanza poem which would expose "the mockery, the futility, the sterility of war in such a way as to warn every man who loves the world and humanity to watch vigilantly against war."

*Mary L. Greenler, '40*



# SONNETS

*Anna Higgins, '41*

1.

## DAWN OF LOVE

Whenever you passed by, my heart beat swift,  
And hope sprang high that you on me would smile;  
The birth of love gave patience as its gift,  
And made my youthful heart content the while.  
From early loving words, grew ecstasy  
Which swelled my heart to yours in our first kiss —  
The dawn that glorifies a southern sea  
Could not possess a beauty rare as this.  
And now, my heart is dead, such is my pray'r,  
Lest living yet, it may be hurt again.  
While you were one to me, of many fair  
Was I, and not the last for your disdain.  
Yet dawn of love which bore a beauty rare  
Has still in twilight power to make me care.

2.

## PRETENSE

When dawn unveils the tranquil, sleeping earth,  
Caressing sky and sea with breeze of morn,  
I rise, rejoicing with the day's new birth,  
And free my heart from pain that night has borne.  
With warmth of golden day, I loud proclaim  
The hate I feel for you; in accents bold  
I mock the meaning held within your name,  
Heart-happy that my love for you is cold.  
Then night enfolds the world with velvet cloak,  
It ruthless tears my day's pretense away.  
I love you still; the parting words you spoke  
Cannot inspire at night the hate of day.  
My days seem joyful as the summer skies,  
But lonely night brings tears into my eyes.

## 3.

## REMEMBERED SORROWS

When first I loved in all my ardent youth,  
 With cruel indifference you pierced my heart.  
 Your love proclaimed no depth possessed, nor truth,  
 And seemed as faint as Cupid's glancing dart.  
 For oft my love was weak with wounded tears  
 When mocking laughter my devotion spurned;  
 Yet love endured despite my heart-sore fears,  
 Endured 'till penitent your love returned.  
 But tho' in loneliness I planned to hurt  
 Your heart when you returned, and hoped to fill  
 Your days with misery, for cruelty girt,  
 I saw your smile — my scorn-dipped tongue lay still.  
 With bitterness, my love I'll not destroy,  
 Remembered sorrows cannot dim my joy.

## 4.

## ULTIMATUM

If wander then you must, be on your way.  
 I feared the power of love would not be strong  
 To hold your vagrant fancy here alway  
 In face of tempting dream and gipsy song.  
 Go then, my love, with you I shall not plead,  
 Lest sympathy should thus compel your heart;  
 But in my eyes, my empty future read  
 And brush away the thought — come, let us part.  
 Then when you go, think not to me to turn  
 When footloose fancy bears you home again.  
 My slavery is done; this you must learn.  
 I'll sweep away the remnants of my pain.  
 Oh, make your choice. You know as well as I  
 With love I'll greet you 'till the day I die.

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# THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

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“My father named me Autolycus...a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.”

“Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a.”

*The Winter's Tale*, IV, iii

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*In the Spring a collegian's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of*

## STYLE:

This is just the season when they spring up around us like so many colorful blossoms. They appear in Spring; they are the very vision of Spring; nay, they are Spring incarnate! With the first whiff of warm air, I feel the urge calling me to possess one. But the choosing, aye there's the rub! They all appeal to me in their symbol and in their reality. To have one is to start a new life, to resolve to live up to this idealized reality. To me, they are a call to freedom and rare adventure. They add zest and gusto to even a drab present. To have one is to take on a responsibility. I should feel that I would not be justified in exposing myself to the rain, snow, hail, mist, fog — any of the disturbances that can swoop down upon a fairly nice Spring day. They require meticulous consideration. It were a very act of perfidy to leave a stain, a smudge, on this symbol of Spring.

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But to get back to my dilemma of choosing one. They all please me, except a few of the very exotic ones, that seem to have lost the quality of 'sweetness and light' so essential to their character. They do not all look alike, to be sure; but as in human beings, some have more marked characteristics than others. All have a certain fundamental sameness, though it be sometimes hidden under a bold, or over-ornamented exterior. The act of choosing (it still weighs upon me) reveals carefully



suppressed desires and feelings. I have been surprised on more than one occasion to see one with a school teacher, whom I have always considered to be a staid, stodgy, plebian type. With a shock, I have realized that this is a gesture toward freedom on her part, and have exulted that she has thus begun to throw off the shackles of convention and restraint.

---

They are an outlet for the surcharged emotions of the soul. They are a confession of romantic desires and yearnings. They are a declaration to the world at large that the possessor thereof is "a phantom of delight." They are the answer to a maiden's prayer for a spring tonic, a spirit booster. They are a challenge to all who are not gay, and debonair. They are a reproach to dictators, and all such. They are a thorn in the hearts of women in warred and warring countries. They are gaiety personified; spring typified; femininity glorified. They are the spokesmen of the American spirit — **PASTEL HATS IN SPRING!**

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*In the Spring a collegian's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of*

POETRY:

Come into the workshop, Maud,  
For we're forging a poem today;  
And the village smithy smiles to see  
Brain working in brawn's own way.

MY FIRST POEM: Why hard work? This was my constant query whenever I read poetry. It always seemed to me to be composed of long and short lines and pretty words. Pleasing of course to the ear and to the eye; but why can't anyone do it? Thus I thought until Junior Year in College, when it becomes necessary to write some short and long lines, and fill them with pretty words — that is to say, I must produce *A POEM*. Now for the gestures; first, clear the desk; secondly, make a tour of the house to find a sixty watt bulb for the desk lamp; thirdly, adjust the chair for comfort; fourthly, put a fresh sheet of clean white paper in the typewriter.

---

I am ready to begin. With deepest concentration, I make a line of u's and dashes, which are to stand for the unstressed and stressed syllables

into which my poem must fit. They are in front of me just waiting for a few simple words to go beneath them. The POEM at this stage looked something like this:

u    ^    u    ^    u    ^  
The ?   was ?   so   ?

This becoming difficult, I changed it to

u    ^        u    ^        u    ^  
I am   so ?   and ?

I struggled with this pattern for about half an hour, using about twenty sheets of paper. I deemed it necessary to use a clean sheet after each mistake, since once I got started in the poetic sweep, the finished product would stand without let or hindrance. No polishing for me. I'd do a perfect work once I got started.

---

I must wait for a new inspiration. While waiting, I sauntered to the kitchen. I got out the chocolate cake and milk to enjoy this little feast for my pains, when it struck me that this combination seemed very schoolgirlish for a poet, and that crackers and cheese and gingerale might be a little more conducive to inspiration. Having thus fortified my being, I drew a chair up to the window, and contemplated the star-filled, poetic night. Alas, no inspiration came. I wandered into the front room, took up a poetry book at random. I opened it with a quick jerk in the hope of scaring out an inspiration. I couldn't even read it — it was a collection of Hebrew poetry. From the front window, I gazed out into the street, but no poetic phrases flashed into my mind — it was all dark places, no illumination. I returned once more to the den to have another try at it. An hour passed. At its end, I had added to the poetry of English Literature this rare couplet:

u       ^    u       ^    u       ^    u       ^  
The river running mid the trees, a  
u       ^    u       ^    u       ^    u       ^  
The children kneeling on their knees, a

which was a very poor combination of two very poor ideas.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

By now it was approaching midnight. All had gone to bed; the house was depressingly silent and eerily dark. I put on a house-coat, took a hair brush, and while viciously attacking my hair, I read a little of

Swinburne in an effort to capture the mood. The more I read, the more I doubted my poetic ability. I had even begun to phrase my verbal resignation from the class. Suddenly the door of the room opened. My mother stood there, her eyes blazing angry blue flames. With a gesture she ordered me to bed, and herself escorted me thither. But inspiration had come! As soon as I felt that all was still again, I arose and like a ghost in the night flitted through the rooms, down stairs to the den. Grasping a scrap of paper and a stub of pencil, I wrote:

Two blue and perfect gems  
They shine with love for me,  
And my reflection in them seems  
Improved by love's generosity.

With this result of my long and weary effort, I entered class proudly the next day. My maiden poem brought forth this criticism; "Shakespeare calls eyes 'jellies'" — Who am I to contradict Shakespeare!

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*In the Spring a collegian's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of*

#### CRITICISM:

Magazine Literature: trifles, yes: unconsidered, alas, no. Movie magazines seem to exist for three reasons: for gossip concerning screen luminaries; for favorable criticism of every screen production; for revealing interviews with screen personalities. The Detective magazines are even more limited, they have but one subject, murder and theft; one theme "Crime Does not Pay." The Love Story magazines and Confessions are sold in huge quantities throughout the country. More's the pity. The former sings, painfully off-tune, "Love Will Conquer;" the latter rings changes on one only theme, "Life and Love Have Treated Me Cruelly." The Western magazines combine the worst features of the detective story and love story in equally bad prose. The "slicks" are a large division of magazine literature. These are read by the educated, less educated, uneducated; by the wealthy and by the comparatively impoverished. Their readers, then, would represent a truer cross-section of modern life than that of the 'pulp' and the 'top' magazines. In representative issues I have noted the dearth of articles; the few that appear seem to concentrate on politics, sports, and house-decorating. They also print



articles concerning the lives, whims, and foibles of recently illustrious or notorious persons.

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Speaking generally, current magazine literature is almost entirely fiction, and that fiction leaves much to be desired. The magazines have limited themselves by concentrating on fiction, and even the fiction has limited itself further by an over-fondness for certain set formulae; they all seem to have the same settings, characters, and plots. The authors of this fiction are unobservant. So far as I can discover, there are but four places in the United States in which a story of their type may be placed; in New York, in Hollywood, in the deep South, or in a small town with no apparent location. Outside of this country, there is always Europe, which seems to be a maze of Londons, Parises, and Rivieras. They still further diminish their limited world. New York, to them is made up of Broadway, Park Avenue, and the Bronx. Hollywood is one huge, Jew-controlled studio and Beverly Hills. The deep South is either a Civil War damaged ancestral home, or a "cracker" cabin. The small town is on one or the other side of the railroad track. Plot, too, has forgotten the meaning of possibility of variety. Nine out of ten stories are very much concerned with love, the love of a man for a woman. Love of child for parent, sister for sister, or Man for God, has seemingly never been discovered.

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The characters who struggle through the magazine stories are the most limited. They must be either rich or poor, for no one seems interested in the great middle class. If the heroine is rich, she is young, beautiful and a spoiled debutante; if she is poor, she is also young and beautiful, and possessed of independence to a degree. The heroines are always beautiful. They belong either to the leisured class, or are models, private secretaries, salesgirls. Every heroine except the poor but honest clerk, has a maid, French or Negro. Their homes are always expensive and beautiful, not cluttered up with ordinary facts, such as cooking or housecleaning. Only the long-suffering poor girl ever has dust in her house, and she is so choked by the dirt and dust of her existence that she escapes by marrying a wealthy man. Occasionally, she marries the poor hero, whereupon life becomes a Utopia, sans dust. Discontentment reigns supreme in all the stories: the rich girl is bored because of her wealth; the poor girl, unhappy because of her poverty. No one has any

religion in a magazine story of this type, and apparently few morals. Very few people above thirty are ever mentioned, except when they are necessary to prop up the central characters. No one under sixteen appears except as the pawn in a divorce case.

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There are three types of stories that appear in the current magazines with increasing frequency. One, the digested story, or the abridged novel, is printed to satisfy the lazy people who could not exert themselves to read an entire novel of the appalling number of 300 pages or more. (And the three-volumed novel used to be a best seller in Victorian times!) Usually such stories are written better than the associate fiction, because the abridger merely copies, and does not need much original phrasing. A second type is the short, short story, that does not fulfil the requirements of a short story at all. Because of its small compass, it is difficult to develop a character, hard to picture a setting vividly, and almost impossible to outline a plot. This type of story can be at most but the relation of an incident. Does its growing popularity signify the intellectual laziness of the reading public? Perhaps the most regrettable phase of magazine fiction is the serialized story, that abounds in far-fetched characters, rejoices in an impossible climax at the end of each serial division, and is moved by the long arm of coincidence rather than by logical development. Laziness is guilty here again, a dislike of concentration for any length of time.

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Perhaps these opinions are over-prejudiced, perhaps I have read the wrong magazines; but these are the periodicals found in homes, in libraries, in beauty parlors, and doctors' offices. We know that there are people that can write. Even in the mediocre stories, there will be flashed an occasional inspiration that would seem to indicate the potentialities of the writer. Perhaps if he or she were not so lazy, perhaps!! We know that there are Americans who can read. They should demand fiction to which they might look up, not down. That seems indeed to be the difficulty in contemporary magazine literature. The writers are supposedly writing down to their readers; and the readers are thereby forced to read down to their writers. What are we going to do about it? I know that there are Catholic Magazines — but that's another story.



## CURRENT BOOKS

*To the End of the World*, by Helen C. White. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1939. 675 pages.

HELEN C. WHITE has written three outstanding novels, each seeming to surpass the former in excellence. Her latest book, *To the End of the World* is by far and large the best. In her historical novel, *Not Built With Hands* the Monastery of Cluny is as much a character as Egdon Heath is in Hardy's *The Return of the Native*. In the book under review, we are again introduced to Cluny, but a Cluny from which the grandeur has almost departed. The worldliness that had crept into the Church in France had slowly but surely seeped through the thick walls of Cluny.

Although Cluny fills a large part of the background in this novel, yet it is primarily a story of the French Revolution. I began reading this book with some feelings of apprehension, for I thought that it would be but another tale of a much-told story of the French Revolution. Many of these stories run the gamut of horrors, whereof the characters are inhuman people, who shout with satisfaction when Madame Guillotine cuts off one more life. Miss White's novel is of a different and distinctive genre. All the historical facts of the period are here: the bondage of the Church, the uprising in the Vendée, the Reign of Terror, the dilemma of juring and non-juring clergy, the overthrow of Danton, the rise and fall of Robespierre, and a faint shadow of Napoleon's arrival on the scene. But Miss White transcends the historical and temporal, she rises to the spiritual significance of the tragedy, the cause of which lay deep in the souls of men, even in the souls of the custodians of the Faith and the keepers of God's Church. The fact that the Church stood four-square to the terrific onslaught points the deep significance of the title of the book. That the Church could emerge from the storm intact, triumphant, is surely evidence that Christ is with her all days even "To the end of the World."

The story is that of Michel de la Tour d'Auvergne. He realizes that the Church is suffering from the interference of the State. He has become a priest, and wishes to join the Benedictine monks at Cluny. Although he is opposed by his family, and by his uncle, Cardinal de la Roche-



foucauld, yet he goes to Cluny. There he finds that even this, the prince among Orders, has fallen from its high estate of holiness. He hopes to start a reform in the Abbey. After the suppression of the Order, he is, however, forced to leave the Monastery. On the advice of M. Emery, the famous Superior of Saint-Sulpice, and one of the most stalwart sons of the Church, he goes to a small and neglected village as parish priest. There he witnesses his inability to stem the tide of revolt in the Vendée. After dreadful and harrowing experiences there he is recalled to Paris where greater danger awaits him. Under the disguise of a knife-grinder, and later, a trader of old clothes, he gains admittance to the prisons, and brings comfort to those about to be guillotined. Finally, Michel escapes from Paris to his native Auvergne in the south of France. There he again leads the perilous life he lived in the Vendee. With the death of Robespierre there came a lull in the storm of horror. Michel still hopes to return to Cluny, but he accepts the Will of God when he is assured his vocation leads him in another direction. With the hope of a new era for France, shadowed a little by the apprehension of the mutability of human nature, the book ends.

Miss White has drawn many memorable characters with a masterly touch. The bitter and disillusioned juring priest, Martin Gouraud, an indomitable fighter for what he sincerely believes to be the truth, is a memory-haunting character. In contrast, there is the kindly, tolerant M. Emery, a man of deep-souled piety and keen intellect. And Sister Claire, of the Sisters of Charity — but you must read the book for Sister Claire's sake alone. The finely drawn portraits of Father Jean-Marie, the perfect monk; the Countess, the stalwart Christian noblewoman, who put out her hand to strong things — all these figures will live in memory's gallery.

Miss White is a finished artist. She develops a perfectly integrated plot, all the more laudable for she has difficult matter to mould. She gathers in all the loose ends at the close, with a sure and deft touch, and leaves us completely satisfied. She paints her poignant scenes with the skill of a dramatist. What could be more intense and gripping than the death of poor Martin Gouraud, whom the Hound of Heaven tracked down at the very end of the chase? Or more striking than the Mass in the fields on Christmas Day? Or more significant than the smiles pictured on the faces of the Sisters of Charity as they go towards the guillotine? Because of its historical and spiritual import this is a book not merely

to be tasted, but one to be chewed and digested. *To the End of the World* finishes on a deeply true and eminently consoling note: M. Emery says,

“We were never promised that we should triumph in this world because we had fought valiantly, or because we deserved to. Our Master did not. But one thing He did promise us, and that we can count on whatever happens.”

“That I think I know,” said Michel softly, “that He would not forsake us.”

“That is the negative way of putting it. He always used the positive” . . . “Behold I am with you all days, even to the end of the world.”

For a few moments neither spoke. Then M. Emery turned to his old pupil. “That is enough for any Christian, Michel, even for a bishop.”

*Rita Desaulniers, '40*

*Philosophy in the Making*, by André Bremond, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1939, 223 pages.

“**P**HILOSOPHY IN THE MAKING” — A study in Wonder and Order! Such is the title that was decided upon after a sharp and much debated discussion between the author and the publisher. This book offers us a presentation of the rise and progress of the philosophical theories and systems of our most remote ancestors down to Aristotle and Aquinas — Philosophy in the making. The author anticipates some punctilious critic objecting that ‘order’ is well set in the title, but that it would be even better in the book itself. To this criticism, even before it takes shape, Father Bremond replies: “There *is* order in the book, there is method in the author’s — shall we say — simplicity! Though the simplicity may be more apparent than the method.”

To make both order and method more manifest, Father Bremond gives us a candid account of how the book was composed. He says that a few years ago he had to teach the rudiments of Logic and Philosophy to a group of young men; among them Greek and Latin scholars, others, mathematicians, engineers. They had not the slightest notion of Ontology. Therefore, Father Bremond was plied with questions without number, perhaps without rhyme or reason. In answering them, he felt that he had begun at the wrong end, by presenting immediately the results of ages of philosophical reflection “in the most abstract and



technical terms." In order to retrieve this misapprehension, he was determined to begin at the very beginning, that is from the first man who started philosophizing. That would not be Adam, for he had wisdom and lost it; but our prehistoric ancestor, the Caveman, who tried to recover the "lost Adamic wisdom" and puzzled himself about the "meaning of life, of himself, and of the universe." This is the program as Father followed it leisurely, and, I shall vouch for it, clearly; "From the Caveman to the shepherd, then to the Ploughman, to the citizen of the first city, to the poets, and finally to those most human of philosophers, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle himself." The thesis that he presented, and magnificently and (shades of philosophers!) sometimes humorously developed was —Man: the *why* and the *how* of his life and death.

Father Bremond goes to the task of a difficult subject hedged in with technical terminology, with effective ease, and enlightenment dawns slowly but surely in his group. This book lets us in on his method. He presents a sketch of Philosophy and its meaning, and by easy and graded steps leads us to a more conscious and methodical study from its very beginning to a more systematic unity. He uses the dramatic method, making his personages speak; and we are informed and at the same time entertained. The ideas expressed are, by the very nature of the thing, deep, but they seem so much closer to our understanding by the way they are developed. First, we see a prehistoric cave and those within it; what they do, what they think, and of what they wonder. The Caveman was a forerunner, a pioneer of civilization, and yet he meditated, crudely it is true, on the same points as all 'lovers of wisdom' have done and still do. The progress of the book is made by systematic linking up of the philosophic thoughts of great thinkers, who each in turn develops to a greater extent the thoughts of his predecessor in this branch of learning. The first 'Philosophers' were, like children, of an analytical turn of mind; their toy was the universe. How, why, and what they thought of this universe and their state of being, are here aptly and clearly shown.

The above statement makes us anticipate a style that is elegantly and forcibly concise, and that it is. The author succeeds in his purpose. He introduces us to the study and soon to the love of Philosophy. He stirs our intelligent sympathy for those 'lovers of wisdom,' their sincere efforts, their achievements, even their human errors, and partial failures.

*Jeanne Mercier, '41*



*Merry in God.* New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1939, 326 pages.

“**M**ERRY IN GOD” based on the splendid biography of Father William Doyle, S.J. written by Professor Alfred O’Rahilly, is written anonymously. Father Doyle’s Jesuit brother, Charles, is evidently the author. The intimacy of the book discovers him.

The appeal of this biography lies in the sense of its reality. The characters are very little fictionalized, if any. The book is a challenge to those who write biography from the light of the imagination rather than from the illumination of truth.

The life of an Irishman is here depicted from the cradle to the grave. The life of this Irish Jesuit is drawn from novitiate to No Man’s Land. The thing to be remembered about this Irish Jesuit is that he prayed all his life to be a saint, and lived all his life in the glow of that striving. His life was short as time goes, it but spanned the years from 1873 to 1917. To anyone reading the biography the truth of the text that in a short space a man can live a long life is deeply emphasized. He lived the life of a normal Jesuit in its essentials, but the leading of his inspirations seemed to draw him from the beaten path ever and anon; underneath the seeming deviation there is still basically the pattern that Ignatius traced for his sons. From the conforming of his life to this pattern, Father Doyle sanctified himself, and drew souls to the company of Jesus from near and far.

He went through the ordinary Jesuit routine, studied, taught, preached all A.M.D.G. When the World War broke out, he offered his services as Military Chaplain at the front. He received his appointment to the 16th Division, an Irish Division of the army. From then on, the book gives itself over to the letters of Father Doyle, highly characteristic of his buoyant, merry spirit, and full of minute details of life with his ‘boys’ to each of whom he was a friend. The secret of his success lay in his Christ-like democracy. With him, there was neither Jew nor Gentile, officer nor private — all were men, human beings, souls for whom Christ had died; therefore all were dear to this Christ-like priest.

For more than a year Father Doyle worked in season and out of season for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his soldier flock. Death came to him in the shape of a bomb on August 16, 1917. Who shall say he did not get the answer to his prayer to be a martyr?

*Merry in God* reads like a first-class story that has the added advantage of being true; it is pleasurable, of splendid interest and human appeal.

The letters of Father Doyle are whimsical, light, informative, humorous, and always spiritually-poised. As a story teller and character por-  
trayer, the author is superb. *Merry in God* is a book that will be appre-  
ciated by young and old, for they will learn of this valiant soldier of  
Christ that a life well lived is 'merry' in time, and will assuredly by  
'merry' in Eternity — *Merry in God*.

Mary E. O'Neil, '41

*The Life of Saint Andrew Bobola*, by Louis J. Gallagher, S.J. and Paul V.  
Donovan, LL.D. Boston: Bruce Humphries, Inc. 1939, 254 pages.

**B**ECAUSE of the current interest in the fluctuating for-  
tunes of war-torn Poland, this volume treating of the life of that coun-  
try's great patron is most timely. The authors have reconstructed, with  
striking vividness the history of this hitherto little known saint.

Saint Andrew Bobola was a very human and exceedingly lovable  
character. He experienced no extraordinary conversion to the true  
Faith, nor did he go through any violent transition from a life of sin to  
one of extreme piety and reparation. On the contrary, he is shown as a  
young man, who possessing a peaceful, serene spirit, manifested early  
a natural inclination for the devotional life that he led as an exemplary  
religious; as a reward, he was given the great grace of martyrdom.

The facts of his life have suffered obscurity during the many years  
which have passed since his death, but the authors have successfully  
portrayed Andrew Bobola a vital character in a gripping history.  
From the day of his entrance into the Society of Jesus until the hour  
when he died as a result of Cossack barbarity, the life of Andrew might  
be the life of any modern missionary zealous for souls. Perhaps the only  
reason that makes this saint more outstanding is that set forth in the  
Introduction: "The life of a saint is not only a story of a man, it is also  
a recital of the designs of God working in that man." This was the pur-  
pose of the present work, which the authors have admirably achieved.

He was not a ready-made saint. He showed signs of impatience,  
hastiness of temper, and a too ardent spirit; it is a personal satisfaction  
to learn that he experienced considerable difficulty while pursuing his  
theological studies. God's grace aided in the combat until it forged a  
soul ripe for martyrdom, and such a martyrdom!



This volume is not only the story of Saint Andrew Bobola, it is also the history of Poland during his lifetime, which is clearly portrayed in the struggle between the Eastern and Western Church in Poland. Students of history will find in the book a fascinating account of this period that is seldom treated in detail and rarely understood. Against this background of religious strife stands the stalwart figure of the preacher and apostle, Andrew Bobola, the great bulwark against the insidious attack of the brutal Cossacks. As in his lifetime, this man of God was thwarted by the enemies of Christianity, so three centuries later, the Bolsheviks — the modern Cossacks, did all in their power to prevent the tribute of veneration to be given his sacred remains. The record of the difficulties encountered by those commissioned to transfer the relics from Moscow to Poland after the ceremony of Canonization in 1938 is most revealing, most astounding. The book written with directness, clearness, and vigor is a fitting tribute to the new 'old' saint who reminds this reader of another Dom Bosco, another Curé d'Ars.

Gertrude Mahoney, '41

*Blue Shadows and Other Poems*, by Margery Cannon Murphy. Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony Guild Press, 1939. 55 pages.

To this graceful poet *Blue* connotes the beauty of bird, and lake, and flower, and hill; the union of love and hope, the spirit of high courage. These benedictions fall upon her questing heart as *Shadows* that lengthen their beauty through her days. It is but a step for her to wing her thought to the perfection of creatures found in our Blessed Mother, and her glad cry rings out,

O Queen of Heaven, what should I do  
On finding you were not dressed in blue!

This charming little lyric that gives the title to the volume is quite expressive of Margery Murphy's poetic gift, that uses the loveliness of earth sacramentally, a sign of the invisible loveliness of Christ, His Mother, and "all His Hallows."

This little book can be read through unhurriedly in perhaps half an hour; but its essence lives long in the reader's heart and mind, as he ponders the words so simply said, so sublimely significant. The poems are explicitly religious ones, for Margery Murphy evidently desires to



be more than implicitly a child of Holy Church. They range in historical order from the "Nativity of the Blessed Virgin" and the "Incarnation," through the years of their blessed association until "Easter." Then "The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin" gives to Mary her Jesus again. Of the other poems of human relations: "To Mother," "To Michael," "To My Son," "When I Am Old;" of friendship: "To a Priest's Hands," "Installation of a Bishop," "Investiture of a Monsignor," "Epitaph for a Nun," "To One Suffering," "To a Bride," "To One Deafened"; of places and things:— each poem says exquisitely just what one would have wished to say had he this poet's grace and gift. It is a splendid little volume in its blue and gold binding. It brings far-off things closer, and touches the most breath-taking mystery with the human touch of love and adoration. I would do the book an injustice did I not quote this comforting gem:

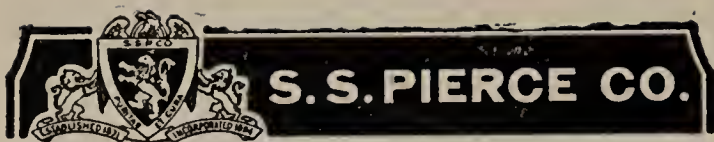
#### ACKNOWLEDGMENT

If Christ should come on earth some summer day  
And walk unknown upon our busy street  
I wonder how 'twould be if we should meet  
And — being God — if He would act that way.

Perhaps the kindest thing that He would do  
Would be just to forget I failed to pray,  
And clasp my hand forgivingly, and say:  
"My child, I've heard My Mother speak of you."

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# LINKED FRIENDSHIP

*Mary L. Greenler, '40*

WITH pleasurable anticipation, we, representatives of the EMMANUEL ETHOS, entered St. Mary's Hall, one of the beautiful Gothic buildings of Boston College. Here, Father Terence Connolly, S.J. had graciously consented to be interviewed by us. For over an hour, he patiently answered our questions with genuine good will, interspersing his remarks with a quiet, easy humor, all his own.

Father Connolly is recognized as the foremost authority on Thompson in this country. He has devoted a lifetime to the poet and his works. We were familiar with his edition of Thompson. We owed much to his revealing supplementary notes. Lately he has visited the scenes of the poet's activities; in fact, he followed in Thompson's footsteps up and down England and Wales. Even now he keeps in close contact with Thompson's friends still living in England.

Father Wilkinson of Newcastle, who was a classmate of Thompson's at Ushaw, told him that Thompson was a small, finely built lad of sallow complexion and brown eyes that were at once those of the dreamer and those of the keen observer. He had no recollection of Thompson's being persecuted by his schoolfellows, like another Shelley. He had only one trait that set him apart from other boys—he was a tremendous reader. He was fond of handball and of games that required muscular coordination and dexterity. Wishful longing, perhaps, on the part of the frail lad.

Of Thompson's life while roaming London streets during those few pitiless years, Father Connolly quite naturally found little to portray or authenticate. He did, however,

see the Charing Cross post office from which the poet mailed his manuscripts to "Merrie England." This spot is in the center of London's most thickly populated commercial district. Trafalgar Square and Tyburn are associated with this London sojourn.

When the Meynells, in their kindness, sent Thompson to Pantasaph to build up his strength, he lived for the greater part of the time in Crecass Cottage, of which name no one thereabouts seems to know the origin. During the poet's years at Pantasaph, he was under the constant guidance and care of one of the monks, who later became an Archbishop. Father Connolly first met Archbishop Kenneally while he was giving a retreat in London. He spoke with great tenderness of Thompson to whom he was deeply attached. He stated that although Thompson's body was in a pitifully weakened condition, yet he indulged in strenuous walks, journeying for miles in silence; then suddenly breaking into a torrent of speech. Philosophy and cricket were two favorite topics of his conversation. In a desire for solitude, he ranged to St. Winifred's Well in Beuno, Wales. This Well, Father Hopkins, S.J., has glorified in "The Golden Echo" and "The Leaden Echo," and in an unfinished play. Thompson rambled along the hills of Wales by the Snowdon Range where the slate-grey mountains created a distinctive atmosphere.

Mother Mary Austin, Thompson's sister, comes to Pantasaph in the summer. It was Father Connolly's good fortune to meet her there. She is Superior of the Presentation Community in Manchester; the convent is located in the very poorest section of that city. Father said Mass for her there on the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, which day marked the forty-ninth anniversary of her profession. She remembers very little of Thompson, as they

were so seldom together after he left Ushaw. When they were together, Thompson's reserve was impenetrable. From Manchester Father Connolly went on to Ashton-under-Lyne, where Thompson lived in his early years. Near by was Hollyhead where he investigated Thompson's life at Pantasaph. Thence he went on to Thompson's birth-place in Preston, and finally to Ushaw, where at St. Cuthbert's, Thompson received his training.

The exceptional personality of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell made the most lasting impression on Father Connolly. During his stay with the Meynells, he was the only house guest. That, in itself, was providential, though quite unusual for the Dean of Victorian Letters. Though he did not always agree with the opinions of others, still his lustrous eyes sparkled with interest at everything that was said. He has a loving tolerance of boys and girls of the present generation, whom he does not understand at all. (Father Connolly's eyes were twinkling as he told us this.) Mr. Meynell's high ideal of marriage and his supreme love of Mrs. Meynell exclude from his mind all comprehension of divorce. He dwelt upon Thompson's veneration for his wife, as well as his deep, fervent love for our Lady. From personal association with this grand old man it was very easy for Father Connolly to give absolute credence to Archbishop Kenneally's statement that in dealing with Thompson (which was not always easy) Mr. Meynell was a "miracle of patience." Well, indeed, for English Literature that he was so. As a result of the disconcerting kindness of Wilfrid Meynell, and his generosity in giving to Father Connolly his valuable manuscripts, Boston College can boast of the second finest collection of Thompsoniana in the world. Mr. Meynell sincerely considers himself a debtor to the poet who immortalized in *Love in Dian's Lap* and in *Sister Songs*, his wife and his children.



At the conclusion of the interview we went over to the Thompson Room in the Library building. An embarrassment of riches for mind and eyes here confronted us. As a magnet, the beautiful portraits of Thompson, Patmore, Wilfrid Meynell, and Alice Meynell drew our fascinated gaze. They are magnificent art. And then, the Thompson collection! No magazine article could do it even the slightest justice. Its savor must be slowly and leisurely tasted. There are rare first editions of the poems, valuable manuscripts in the carefully-rounded, easily-readable handwriting of Thompson; manuscripts almost innocent of corrections. The extremely interesting Ushaw Notebooks, proof sheets of *Sister Songs*, reviews, autographs, letters; all make a feast for the lover of poetry and of Thompson. We noted, with pleasure, the cabinet that contains the correspondence of the Meynells and of Sister Mary Austin with Father Connolly in the interests of his research pursuits.

As we moved from case to case, we were impressed by the perfect unity and grouping of the collection. Among the things that held our attention was a rough copy of "Outline of a Projected Poem," the briefest and clearest statement of the profound philosophical and theological truths that were the source of Thompson's inspiration. It is a document that would seem indispensable to anyone who would catch the essence of the deep religiousness of Thompson's poetry. Closely placed near this, is a "Critique of Coventry Patmore's Odes"; that lovely cadenced verse that is essentially Patmore in meaning. Herein characteristics of Patmore are studied *per se* and they are also compared with the qualities of Dante.

Almost as many manuscripts and papers as were in the original collection have been added thereto, through the unprecedented generosity of Wilfrid Meynell to one whom

he has happily called the "High Chaplain of the Laureate of the Queen of Heaven." Distinction enough both for Thompson and for Father Connolly. Among these additions we were attracted to a paper entitled "Our LibraryLife," which reviews the achievements of Catholic writers during the past fifty years. It was written for *The Tablet*, but was never published. From the nature of the work it is necessarily factual, but it opens with a valuable expression of the importance of the Oxford Movement; it closes with a unique criticism of the work of Alice Meynell and of Coventry Patmore. Concerning the rejection of this manuscript, Mr. Meynell made this pertinent remark: "I think, perhaps, that they were not prepared for the poet's high praise of Patmore's poetry and the poetry of my own dear Alicia." Mr. Meynell always referred to his wife as Alicia. We suppose that every one will have his own 'best thing' among the collection, but we were impressed by a copy of Thompson's poems inscribed by him to Mr. Meynell. The note which he sent to the editor with the volume is typical of Thompson: "My dear Wilfrid, Since I don't know what day it is I am not superfluous enough to try dating my note." How could time bear any special importance to one who was lost in the eternal and in the Infinite!

We were held by the thought that Father Connolly could talk on and on and yet not exhaust his subject or his love thereof. We know that we could have listened on and on, so spellbound were we by the poet and by the priest. But Time inexorably pointed the end of the interview, though not the end of Father Connolly's courteous solicitude that we got much and understood our findings. Some little bird has told us that Harvard pronounced the set-up of this exhibit as the finest in the country. Even to our unaccustomed eyes, such a statement seems but just to truth and to poetry.

## INACCESSIBLE

*Mary Fowler, '29*

The moon is fastened to the steeple,  
The stars are hanging in the trees,  
But when I climb the tower the moon  
Has sailed out on aerial seas.

And when I reach for silver fruit  
The branch is dark again; the sly  
And inaccessible stars retreat  
Into a dark and fathomless sky.

But there is a beauty to be gathered,  
And one that hunger only sees  
But cannot pull down from the steeple  
And cannot pluck from winter trees.



# LAYING THE GHOST

*Anna E. Higgins, '41*

“**A**NNE,” called Peg in great excitement, as she slid through the Country Club door into the dressing room, “Guess what?”

The dark-haired matron in red turned from the long mirror and laughed softly. “Did 1940 arrive early? It’s only eleven—but from your excitement...”

“No, Anne,” interrupted spoiled Peg McNeil, tossing back her blond hair, and sitting on the divan, in fine disregard of her black accordion pleats. “I should have said, ‘Guess who?’ Dick Porter is out in the lounge with a heavenly redhead. Who is she?”

“Well, well, Goldilocks,” soothed plump, cheerful Anne. “Take it easy. It may be Edith Parks. He’s been squiring her around town lately... But, young lady, you’re supposed to be a stranger in Providence, spending the holidays with your fiancé’s family. How do you know Providence’s most eligible bachelor? Why the sudden interest? As the sister of your future husband, I demand the truth,” she declaimed melodramatically. “Come, child, why are you bothered about Mr. Porter?” Despite her tone of rail-lery, Mrs. Edwards regarded the younger girl with curious eyes.

Peg sighed reminiscently, her blue eyes soft in the dim-lit room. “I was in love with him once...”

“Really, Peg?” Anne looked her surprise. “Strange neither of you mentioned it. When?” And the loyal sister seemed slightly annoyed at the thought of a rival for her recently engaged brother. Neither she nor Tom had imagined that New Hampshire Peg knew a soul in Providence

...and she'd been in love with one of their own crowd! Peg and Dick! They might well have been in love, she thought; they're both rather fascinating, good-looking, energetic, wealthy, gay.

"It was seven years ago," explained Peg. "In August, down at Crescent Cove."

"Crescent Cove! You mean the summer place that the Porters and the Warburtons just about owned? The one that the hurricane wiped out, down the coast? I didn't know you spent summers there?"

"I didn't," sighed Peg reflectively, "but I wish I had. I visited there once though. You see I boarded in Pinehurst Academy in Newport, and spent my vacations with Dad's Aunt Helen at a stuffy old Maine hotel. You should have seen me at seventeen! I guess I was pretty enough," (Anne nodded; Peg McNeil must always have been pretty) "but I was an insufferable prig." (Anne's look of doubt prompted a swift defence.) "I'd never had a boy-friend; dates, yes, but only fixed up on week ends with the girls. I never had a chance to meet people; Auntie wouldn't even let me go out with boys during the summer. I read all the time..." Peg's lip drooped at the memory.

Anne prompted in the silence, "But, Dick?"

"Coming to him, darling," Peg responded. "The summer after I graduated from Pinehurst was absolutely impossible. I moped around like a dope, scared stiff because of the dreary prospect of meeting all new people in the Autumn at a foolish finishing school. When Doris Kennedy invited me to spend the last few days of August at her summer home in Crescent Cove, I jumped at the chance. Dee was one of the dayhops in Newport, but we'd always been pals. Auntie fussed about it, but Dad let me go, since I'd had such a dull summer. Mr. Kennedy met the train in

Providence, and then..." Peg grinned at Anne's interest; "then, I fell in love, not with Mr. Kennedy, of course. Picture it, darling. Beautiful summer colony; pretty seventeen year old girl, impressionable; handsome Dick, sophomore at Yale, and still bashful a little. What else could you expect that I should do?"

These revelations were too much for Anne. Peg a prig; Dick shy? "Go on," she pleaded.

Peg frowned. "Well, that was the setting for my first love scene, Anne." Peg smiled at the glow in the fireplace. The memories within her heart spoke to her, reminded her of half-forgotten moments...the ghost of her girlhood whispered.

\* \* \*

The last hot Sunday in August had cooled into the star-filled evening sky. After the exhausting Annual Field Day, the Crescent Covers and their guests were gathered in the Baseball Field for outdoor movies. Most of the elderly people were already seated on the folding chairs provided by the committee; with them were the very young children. A little group of young people clustered farther back against Anderson's garage; the sturdy hedge at the right partly supported Ed Warburton and Doris Kennedy. Near them, oblivious of the surroundings, you and Dick Porter leaned against that bristly hedge in doubtful comfort. Dick was really interested in the world events played before his eyes; but with each News Flash, you saw only a high light of your heavenly week end at Crescent Cove...your first free week end...no school rules, and no Aunt Helen.

A prominent statesman spoke of his plan for world peace...You thought of the Community Centre Thursday evening, where Doris had rushed you to meet the crowd, her crowd. To your amazement, they seemed to like you.



This knowledge made you sparkle and chatter in a way quite unlike your usual self. One tall, curly-haired lad with a gay grin appealed to you most; you shyly pretended not to notice his interest. The evening was a success, for as you crawled into bed, Dee had said; "Peggy, you wowed them all, but I think Andy Dutton and Dick Porter are your willing slaves." Your heart leaped. Andy was the conceited Harvard freshman-to-be; but Dick, was he...? Doris described *the* man to your excited delight. "Yale, finished freshman year, curly hair. Were we surprised!! Never paid any attention to a girl before..."

\* \* \*

The News Flash pictured a fight scene... You were dancing the last dance at Dee's Friday night party. Dick was speaking: "Andy's been monopolizing you all evening, Peg. I was almost afraid to ask you for a dance."

You smiled wisely. "I'm glad you stirred up your courage, Dick. This is lovely." And you sang softly with the music until the crowd had dispersed.

\* \* \*

Across the screen marched soldiers in distant Oriental fields... You were in the Community Center game room that rainy Saturday afternoon. You were playing chess with Andy; you were losing because you were so conscious of Dick's nearness. As he watched over your shoulder, you almost felt his hand brush your curly hair. Andy overturned the chess table with sudden, hot rage. "Sorry, Peg," he apologized, "but if you didn't have so many stars in your eyes, you'd probably be able to play chess." He stalked majestically to the ping-pong table. Everyone laughed. Your eyes searched Dick's blue ones for an explanation....

\* \* \*

The News Flash showed the American-born Duchess serving tea at a benefit . . .

You were at the big Crescent Cove dance on Saturday evening. The entire Cove was present. You were having one grand time. You heard a few of the older onlookers remarking the attention the pretty little guest of the Kennedy's was receiving from Andy and Dick. Happy, you smiled bewitchingly at both; at Andy, because he was a better dancer; at Dick . . . But when Dick frowned a little from his wall station, you resolved to make it up by dancing the rest of the evening with him. You felt light as a feather in your joy. You didn't even mind the formal introduction to Dick's mother, reputedly a tyrant. Mrs. Porter smiled as she remarked, "What a lovely little girl;" and you felt very very young. Dick beamed with pleasure. As you danced again, Dick spoke very little; but each word seemed to carry a special message to you. Your heart beat even faster when he told you of his hate for crowds. You too wished to be alone. Soon the dance was over, and you drove home silently, too rapt in thought to answer Mr. Kennedy's teasing queries about the state of your heart . . .

\*            \*            \*

A swift horserace flashed across the screen . . .

You were remembering the Sunday Field Day. Dick won the swimming race, and you blushed violently when all congratulated you. Then he was beside you, with Ed and Dee, laughing, joking, as you watched the races; helping you with your hot dog. You felt annoyed at the presence of the crowd; you did not like sharing Dick. Only once were you happy. Dick asked to see your ring; your Grandfather's heavy seal ring. He held your hand longer than necessary. You thought no one noticed, until Dee told you later that

it was perfectly obvious that Dick was completely gone over you . . . That silly ring excuse!

\*            \*            \*

And now the main picture was on. Strange to see movies under the stars in an open field. Strange to hear Bobby Breen singing with the crickets! You made the proper answers to Dick's gay teasing, gay comments and predictions about the picture both of you had seen before. You felt like a hussy as you placed your hand where he might reach it; and your heart rejoiced when he did not touch it. But the perfection of the evening was marred. Andy Dutton arrived and stood close to you two, preventing any conversation by his incessant chatter. You sighed in mutual annoyance; you, thinking of your departure for Providence in the morning with Mr. Kennedy; he, thinking of the distance between your homes, your schools. Suddenly Bobby sang his last sweet, soprano note. The picture was finished. All left for home.

You and Dick, Dee and Ed strolled slowly through the field in the cool of the evening. No one spoke much. The excitement-filled day had tired you. Moreover, you were all in love. At the white gate of the Kennedy house, you lingered with Dick, while Dee and Ed went up the porch steps. Alone with him at last, you were silent with happiness. Dick too stumbled over his words about a pleasant week end.

"Peg," he said suddenly, "you're going home tomorrow, and . . . I'll miss you." You nodded dumbly, not wishing to cry. Suddenly, there before you stood Andy Dutton. Your heart sank; you heard a low growl from Dick. On and on chattered Andy . . . "Peg, going home? Say good-by . . . maybe see you next winter." (You breathed a prayer at that.)



He rambled on about his expected exploits at Harvard. Perhaps if you suggested a walk... You said gently, "Dick, you and I were going for a short walk, were we not?" Your face flamed at your boldness. But Andy started off with you, and your hopes fell as he ignored the hint.

"Andy," Dick spoke shortly, "Peg and I were walking." Andy smiled tantalizingly, with "I've known her as long as you have." You tried to wither him with one of your "shrivel-shots." 'Twas wasted. You and Dick tried to talk, but what could you say before an audience? You signalled Dick, and the two of you stared at Andy's nose in absolute silence; stared, stared, until his resistance was shattered. Without a word, he turned on his heel. You beamed with joy as you saw him leave, but the Fates were unpropitious to you. The silence had worried Mrs. Kennedy; now her sharp voice summoned you and Dee in peremptory tones. Andy hesitated. All was lost. You must say good-bye to Dick. You shivered in disappointment. Now you must take Dee's word for your conquest. Although you knew in your heart that Dick liked you, your desire was for some memento. Ow!!! With difficulty you restrained a squeal, as Dick took your hand in the mock formality of farewell. He was gripping your hand, and you knew that neither of you would forget the pressure of your heavy seal ring, as his strong clasp dug it into your hands.

"Good-bye, Peg." Dick's voice spoke softly. "Good-bye, Dick," you whispered. In your eyes tears of pain were mingled with tears of regret. "Good-bye." As you went slowly up the steps, you thought: "It is really good-bye. I'll never see him again; but I'll love him forever."

\* \* \*

The voice of memory stopped. Peg smiled wryly at her future sister-in-law.

“Peg,” queried Anne, “you can’t still be in love with him? Seven years? Why you were a baby!”

Peg smiled enigmatically. “Thwarted love lives longest. I’ve thought of him often.”

“Oh, stop talking like a tragedienne, or someone. Come, Tom will wonder whether we have deserted him. Anyhow, you’d have probably hated Dick, if you’d seen more of him.”

“But,” countered Peg, “since I didn’t see more of him, I could never be sure that I would have hated him. I’ve often wondered—and I intend to lay that ghost tonight.”

“Peg, what are you planning? I hope you don’t intend to hurt Tom.”

Peg combed her hair carefully, powdered her nose, grimaced at the mirror’s reflection, and followed the disapproving back of her future sister-in-law. As they entered the lounge, tall, well-groomed Tom approached, followed by a rather dishevelled but extremely handsome young man. Both were smiling gaily.

“Peg,” called Tom, “here’s an old friend of yours.”

Peg mentally checked Tom’s cool poise against the other’s festive hilarity. Then Dick spoke. His words were slurred; his voice slightly thick.

“Hello, Peggy.” He almost sang the words. “Do you remember the last night—the movies—the beach? When we were young? I think I was in love with you, Peggy.”

Peg looked at the red-haired, discontented-appearing girl behind Dick, whose lips were on the verge of pouting. She saw Tom’s look of careful, watchful unconcern. She felt Anne’s nervous excitement. She shivered. This, Dick? He wasn’t the boy she once knew. *He* was lost; why try to find him again? Swiftly she made her decision. Though the ghost of her memories branded her ‘liar’, Peg smiled coolly.

“Why I am not certain.” Turning to Tom, she asked, “Tom, whom did you say?” She paused. Anne gasped in amazement.

Dick continued: “Crescent Cove, Peg. Don’t you remember? You were Doris Kennedy’s friend, and I was Dick Porter who lived down the road. Peggy, your memory fails you—or are you teasing me?” His face lighted hopefully.

“Your memory fails you.” Peg laughed inwardly at the irony; but she *must* lay that ghost. Smiling a little cordially Peg answered:

“Why, of course, Dick Porter! I had almost forgotten; it was so long ago. We were children. Years, ago. Little Dickie Porter with the freckles. I can’t believe it.”

Ignoring Dick’s look of hurt bewilderment, Peg took Tom’s sturdy arm, and smiling said:

“After Tom and I are married, you must come to talk about old times, about our childhood pranks. And (pausing a little) do bring Miss Parks with you. I am sure that she will enjoy hearing what a darling little boy you were.”

Peg and Tom moved casually away from the others. Tom regarded her with appraising eyes. Dick turned in maudlin bewilderment to Miss Parks. As the chimes and horns greeted the New Year, plump little Anne was heard to rejoice incoherently because “the ghost was laid.”



# ILLUMINATION

*Virginia Larkin, '41*

Ye men who triumph in sun's bright rays,  
Who scorn the dark's low-hidden charms,  
Learn nights have triumphed over days,  
For Light was clasped in Midnight's arms.

O Night come forth and take your due,  
The birth of Christ belongs to you.

# RESURGENCE

*Gerardine M. Kleh, '41*

From out the fold of Spring's caress  
The bright Earth leaps, in gala dress:  
An eager-breathing World, astir  
To give the beauty made for her.  
The perfume of her blossoms sweet,  
A rising incense, glory meet.

# PUT OUT THE LIGHT

*Mary L. Greenler, '40*

ELLEN MACSWEENEY shut the side door of Doctor Orcutt's house and walked briskly up toward the square. She was hungry; tired, too, from taking the eccentric old scientist's notes all afternoon. As she passed the First Congregational Church of Vicksford (stern, immovable and as outdated as the spirit of the Vicksford townspeople that it represented) the noise of cars going in and out of the rear driveway broke upon her abstracted thoughts. She was careful not to seem to show interest, yet she was able to note the bustle and confusion out of the corner of her eye. "I wonder what they are getting ready for tonight," she mused. "Vesper services last Tuesday, choir practice last night; but tonight, or tomorrow night . . . I didn't hear about anything going on. Not that it makes any difference."

"Hello, Ellen. Where are you going?" In a minute Joe Byrd had caught up with her. He grinned, looked surprised though he had been watching for her for half an hour.

"I'm going home, of course," answered Ellen, looking surprised too. She would have been more surprised if Joe's cheery 'hello' had not sounded near her today, as it had done every day for the past two months.

"I knew you were going home, but I thought I might help you to change your mind. Walk with me for ten minutes, and you'll have a new attitude if not a better appetite for your supper."

Force of habit impelled them to turn their steps down the little footpath to the pond. They dropped into silence as

they walked along slowly. Joe turned to her with determination in his brown eyes.

“Let’s have it out now for good, Ellen. Wait a minute. Don’t look like that. I don’t want to fight with you about it, but if you could only see things my way...”

“Unless you change your mind, I’ll never see things your way. Why bring this up again, Joe? Can’t we be just good friends?”

“Ellen, try to think out the thing logically. I’m a Protestant, you’re a Catholic. We’re both the same age, like the same things and the same people, have the same kind of dispositions...”

“I know we have. That’s why we’ll never agree about this...”

“And we love each other! I can give you a decent home, Ellen, and take good care of you. We like to talk to each other about the things that matter, things of culture, and ...and...We’re happy just to be with each other, saying nothing. We have everything, Ellen, to make us happy. Why won’t you say, Yes?”

“I have told you the reason so many times, Joe. You hate Catholics. You won’t be married by a priest. We’d settle down here in this hole of bigotry, and pretty soon you’d be dragging me to church with you. I won’t give in to these old fogies, just because my mother and I are the only Catholics in the whole village.” Her voice broke. “Even your mother hates me. She never speaks unless she has to...”

“Ellen! You know she doesn’t. It’s just that we’ve all asked you so many times to come to our parties, our dances in the church vestry, our plays. You’re hardly polite, for you have no real reason for refusing. Just because they have something to do with the church, you say ‘Hands off.’



Look; just to prove what I mean. Will you come with me to the Charitable Society supper and dance tomorrow night in the vestry? They're having movies in between."

"You know I won't. Every cent they make goes into new carpets for the church or something just as provincial. And they always have chicken, and tomorrow's Friday." (Why did she always lose her temper like this and say things that sounded silly and childish?)

"The real reason you won't marry me is because I won't be married by a priest, isn't it?"

Ellen, white with emotion now, answered in a low, hard voice, "Yes! You know that means everything to me. You would do anything else for me, you say, but you won't start the way I want."

"That's a matter of principle with me, Ellen. I think you Catholics are the bigots. Just last year your honored pastor over in Grovesville wouldn't let you be a bridesmaid at Mary Hastings' wedding in our church. Why should I turn around and let him marry me? How can you feel that way?"

"Why, why, why! I'm tired of being asked why. You don't even try to understand."

"Why won't you compromise, Ellen? I'll go half way. Drive up to New Hampshire with me tonight and let a justice of the peace marry us? I don't think your mother would care so much. You're narrower than she is! Why, just yesterday at home mother was saying that your mother had offered to help us any way she could to make our parties a success. Are you blind?"

"I don't believe it! Mother couldn't change like that! Not when it means sacrificing everything she believes is right! She wouldn't take the easy way just for a little bit of small-town glory!" Ellen's loyal defense lacked conviction, however, and dread of the truth made her tremble with

helplessness. Small fragments of conversation flashed to her mind as she recalled her mother's growing dissatisfaction and her suppressed desire for recognition and friendship.

It was true Ellen wanted to marry Joe. It made her feel sort of dead to imagine life without him. She loved him for a hundred different reasons...the way he cheered her up when she was feeling blue...the way he laughed at her eating spaghetti...the way they skated together...the way he talked about their cottage, and Ellen getting his breakfast in a blue apron, and the patter of little feet outside...the way his voice got husky when he told her she was the only girl he had ever loved...She should have stopped seeing him long ago, she knew, but it was so nice to know someone in town besides the lot of young hicks who thought it was cosmopolitan to pile into a car and dance at the beach, pretending to be very bored and blasé about the whole thing. They envied Ellen her education in Boston and her acquaintances in the Big City. The greatest ambition of the girls was to have Joe Byrd notice them coming out of church or possibly give them a ride home. He was so nice—and, more important, he had a car, had been to college, and knew all the SMARTEST PLACES... It was a big day in the life of any Vicksford boy when he could say he had dated Ellen MacSweeney. She was queer, though, she didn't seem to care whether she went out with him or not. It was odd, too, that she was a Catholic, because she was a lot of fun and not the least bit inclined to talk about the Pope's encyclical or the latest opera when she went dancing. And could she dance! Maybe she wasn't an honest-to-goodness Catholic after all. Her father used to be, but he didn't stick to it long after he came to Vicksford.

Mrs. MacSweeney stood in the kitchen with a bright new apron tied around her comfortably large frame. It was

nice, Ellen thought, to have a mother who looked substantial enough to lean on. The pork chops were sizzling and sputtering in the frying pan. Her mother always had pork chops on Thursday because Ellen liked them.

“You’re late, dear. Did something keep you?”

“No, nothing that matters. Mother,” She ran impulsively to hug her mother, “don’t you ever let me down. I don’t care what else happens if you’re always the same. Where’s Dad?”

Her mother’s face looked tired and wan, older. “I don’t know. He’ll be in later. Did you see Joe tonight?”

“Yes, for a few minutes.”

“Are you going to marry him, Ellen?”

“No.” The tears started to stream down her cheeks.

But tonight her mother wasn’t her usual comforting, serene self. She didn’t even try to make Ellen feel as if the world was all right if you looked at it in the right way. All the disillusionment and bitterness stored up behind her surface placidity and contentment came pouring out.

“You might as well marry him, I suppose. You’d be happier than you are now. A mother left out of everything and a father that would sell his soul for this small-town flattery. He’s probably talking politics right now down at the store, or carrying chairs for the moving pictures tomorrow night! It isn’t worth it! I won’t stand it any longer! I wish we’d never come to Vicksford! It isn’t as though we were poor or uneducated, but because we’re Catholic! Catholics! I’m sorry I let you in for this, Ellen...”

“Mother! You don’t know what you’re saying. You can’t mean it!” She looked up desperately, wildly, and dropped her arms to her side, because now she didn’t have anything to hold to.

“Oh, yes, I mean it! And I’m going to bake a chicken pie



for the supper tomorrow night. And be a hostess, too! Mrs. Byrd, Joe's mother, asked me herself this afternoon. Did I surprise her! Ellen, where are you going?"

Ellen lay a long time on the bed, motionless, staring out into space. Later, she hesitated a long time, too, before she went down to answer the telephone. That would be Joe, calling to see if she were all right, and if he had said anything he shouldn't have that afternoon. Dear Joe! He'd never let her down!

Saturday morning dawned sunny... The brilliant sunshine sent out sparkling lights from the old white church, that still stood immovable and stern, perhaps a little more proudly than usual. Mrs. MacSweeney's name was in the Vicksford society news, but she wasn't as happy as she thought she would be, for last night she had lost a daughter. And Ellen had lost her faith. But the justice of the peace up in New Hampshire earned his marriage fee, and the Vicksford Charitable Society made an extra fifty cents it hadn't counted on.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *This story is based on fact. We have changed the name of the characters and the setting.*]

## ON THE DEATH OF AN ORIOLE

*Kathleen Ryan, '41*

Your yellow breast will heave no more  
To pour out strains of melody.  
Your body once a living flame,  
Glad flashed on air its jubilee!

Now stony, frigid, there you lie,  
Bathed in my own, hot, mournful tears.  
Your body's dead—but lovely song  
Will stir my heart through all the years.

# THE LESSER GLORY

*Anna E. Higgins, '41*

Strong blows the wind  
Subduing the earth.  
But fairer the breeze  
Youthfully singing through the trees,  
Stirring the brook in rippled silver rings.  
Sweet is the Springtime breeze that sings.

The mountain carves majesty  
Against the storm-racked sky.  
But fairer beyond the brook a hill  
Rearing its head, though lowly still,  
Heavenward stretching its stripling trees;  
Fair is the hillock grass in the breeze.

## SONG BIRTH

*Gerardine M. Kleh, '41*

A thing of deep, majestic power,  
Confined yet in mind of man,  
Soon to break forth in swelling melody—  
A song, a living song! . . .  
The air's now drenched in vibrant harmony,  
As subtly sweet as pipes of Pan  
Played once ago, in Pagan hour—  
Marks holier dawn, this song.

Your mellow tones my being fill,  
I listen hushed, with bated breath,  
Each bar, a myriad thrill;  
Oh joy awaited long!  
'Twas worth the pain  
To give you birth.  
My pulsing heart-beats throb again.  
You are a living song!



# THE SPIRIT OF PLACE

*Mary Elcock, '41*

CIRCUMSTANCE, Inc. had called a meeting and decided that Jim would live by himself on that Island. He was not a hermit by nature, he loved to mix in company; but, truth to tell, much of his planning and plotting was done with the certain people of importance that his Imagination introduced him to. Down from those lofty heights, Jim would become one of the most sociable of people. Jim called the place 'Island of Friends.'

He had been there almost five years now. It was Spring when he first came and the Island was beautiful. He had planned to stay but a week in order to lay once and forever the rumor that the place was haunted.

The Island had been left to him by his uncle. Jim always laid the whole blame on the shoulders of Uncle Ben, for he did not want the Island and just thrust it on a too soft nephew. With all his money, thought Jim, he could have left him something more glamorous, instead of an old cabin on an old Island fifty miles from nowhere. "Old people are unpredictable, to say the least," Jim had sighed when he had learned of the strange bequest.

After a few visits to the Island, Jim had quite changed his first notions of the worth of the gift. Closing his eyes to the beauties of the place, he decided to make money on it and from it. Jim would rather have called the dryads and oreads and nymphs to this charming spot, and dwelt with them there, forgot by the world, the world forgetting. But some atavistic throwback brought the business side of his nature to the fore, so Jim rented out the Island to week-end fishing parties. The shekels poured in, business boomed

suddenly, business stopped gradually, then altogether.

Jim could not understand it. He wrote to the town sheriff, who replied that there was a rumor afloat that the cabin was haunted. Folks just did not want the place any more.

A sceptical New Yorker laughs at 'hants,' and so did Jim. He resolved to live on the Island. Amid cheering and joking from city friends, he boarded the train for Rikesville. From there he took a boat to the Island. He was challenged to spend the week there alone. If he came back all right, they agreed to resume the week-end parties.

The boat took two hours to get to the Island. Jim had time to do some leisurely thinking. Although he loved the gay city life, yet it would be a welcome change to spend a week in solitude. He could just rest, bask in the sun, sit and think, or just sit.

Jim took leave of the captain of the boat with a flourish: "Bury me under the old oak; send me daisies." They agreed that the captain would return for him in a week's time.

Jim was pleasantly surprised when he entered the cabin. The front door opened into a large room furnished with comfortable chairs, warm rugs, and a homey large stone fireplace. The walls were lined with books, magazines of a long ago filled one or two racks. In the inner room, there was a bed softly inviting; surely one could have a good night's rest there. How glorious to wake up in the morning with nothing to do.

The birds carolling woke him very early. He got up, and walked down to the beach to take a dip. Upon his return to the cabin, feeling very young and spry, he cooked himself some eggs and bacon. Breakfast over, he leisurely strolled over the Island. It took him almost three hours to

walk around it. He saw so many birds, and flowers, and plants such as he had not seen for years. Imagination began to call to him . . .

A week later, he heard the Captain's whistle, saw him lower a boat and row over to the Island. Jim awaited him on the strand.

"Well I see you're still alive; guess the place ain't so haunted as they say. The folks have been wondering about you, especially the men. Well, get your bags and we'll be pulling out. I've got to make another call on the return trip."

Jim was silent for a long time; he just stood there thinking. Finally he said,

"Tell you what, Captain, you had better go back without me. Send for my clothes, bring them out the next time you come. I think I'll be staying here awhile. There might be something to that story that this place is haunted, and I'm going to find out if there is. You come back next week, Captain. I'll go back with you then."

The Captain came the next week, and for many long weeks thereafter. Jim always said the same thing:

"Come back next week. I'll go with you then."

Jim had found out that the place was haunted. The men who spread that story were right. He knew why they did not want to come back; he knew why they had started that rumor. They were afraid — afraid of the spirit of the Island, afraid of the atmosphere of calm, quiet life, and living. Most of all they were afraid to be at home alone with themselves. They knew that if they stayed there the life would get into their blood, as it had into the blood of Jim. The spirit of the place haunted him as it must have haunted them. They had obligations and had to return to the life of society. He had none; so he could stay. He kept



telling himself when the Captain came that he would go back in another week; but he knew that he never would do so.

The spirit of place had seized on him and possessed him. He was powerless. Sometimes a nostalgic feeling overwhelmed him for the company of his fellows, for the glitter and glare of city life. Then it would pass, and the peace of the Island would flood his soul. It had cast a spell over him. He could not leave it.

## ASSURED

*Gertrude Robbins, '41*

I, now grown timid, oft your love would doubt  
From lack of reassurance on your part.  
I could not realize your love without  
Some spoken word that showed to me your heart.

Now in your eyes I read my love's reward,  
And know with certainty that yours is true;  
For mirrors of your thought can but record  
That which they find reflected deep in you.

Through deep-souled growth of love I realize  
That things oft said lose value in my eyes.

# WITH THE WISDOM OF YOUTH

*Gertrude Robbins, '41*

THE youth paused outside the gates of the great house. He pensively twisted his queue with his right hand, thoughtfully scratched his cheek with his left. His robes were embroidered in gold, a sign of wealth and distinction. He was Ming of the house of Chang, a beautiful boy, tall, slender and golden skinned. He was also wise . . . but alas! wise with the wisdom of youth.

The longer he stood there and the more he thought about it, the more attractive the outer court, which he could see through the bars of the gate, became to him.

He could see the bright blue tiled roof where its curves blended with the luminous azure of the sky, and underneath that roof was . . . what? The gate was guarded by two porcelain dragons which bristled against a background of green and gold designs which mocked the exquisite green of the mosses and the golden warmth of the sunshine. Finally Ming resumed his journey and gave himself up to deep and philosophic thought. Surely the secret of the house of Chang was safe enclosed within his heart. His father had shown his faith in him by trusting him and he would remember every admonition with which his father bade him farewell.

It was the time of the second moon of spring, that day which is called Hao-Tchoa or the Birthday of a Hundred Flowers. As Ming trod lightfooted upon the long green grass his eyes were so pleased with such abundance of beauty that he felt the joy of living well over in his heart. He thought on the family called Tien and of his honorable father's fear that through him they would learn the



secret and thus cause the ruin and downfall of the Chang dynasty. But Ming knew that his father was old and did not realize the strength and wisdom of his humble son. Soon, he reached the city of Tching-Tou where he took up his studies in the school of Wang an excellent scholar. He thought no more of the house with the blue roof.

\* \* \*

Within the same moon he had occasion to pass that way once more in order to make a visit to his parents and once more remained firm against the temptation to investigate the beauties within the gate. However on his return to the city from his ancestral home he became fatigued from his long walk and sat down to rest among the pinkening peach blossoms that lined his path on both sides. The great sweet silence and the heat of the sun both contributed to the sudden drooping of Ming's head, and soon he was fast asleep stretched out on the fragrant turf. He was awakened by the liquid sweetness of a melody which hung on the air. It issued from inside the gate and he drew nearer to find its source. He saw within a garden vibrant with the lazy droning of bees and bathed in golden sunlight. In the center was a pool of brilliant azure sheen surrounded by the most fragrant and colorful blossoms. On the surface of the pool a willow wept at its own reflection and beneath its graceful branches sat a maiden slender and sweet as a lily. In her lap lay a delicately-formed instrument from whose silver strings she plucked the enchanting music. As he approached stealthily he tripped over a hidden root and was thrust unexpectedly into her presence. Long eyes shone in the golden purity of her complexion and above them the brows curved as nobly as the flight of a bird through clear air. Her lustrous black hair was inter-

woven with creamy blossoms. He recalled the words of an ancient sage, "By a beautiful face the world is filled with love; but heaven may never be deceived thereby. Shouldst thou behold a woman coming from the East look thou to the West; shouldst thou perceive a maiden approaching from the West turn thy eyes to the East."

But Ming knew at once that this was not a woman from whom one must turn as her eyes were downcast in shyness and humility. He felt big and awkward in her presence and was contemplating flight when she addressed him.

"Oh Honorable Stranger, do not take me to be rude. You have surprised me. Allow me to extend to you, Honorable Stranger, the hospitality of my poor garden."

Placing one hand on his breast he bowed deeply, "Thank you, fair Maiden of the Silver Moon, with all my humble heart. It must have been the angry gods who thrust me in here so rudely but I shall disturb you no longer." He would have left but that she called his name.

"Honorable Ming, you see I have heard of you by repute. Your ancestor Tchang was also a member of my humble family, therefore I am honored to consider you as one of my kin. Pray, seat yourself and honor me by having tea." She clapped her hands and although the sound had hardly struck the ears of Ming a servant appeared.

"Tea for myself and my guest," said Lotus.

She addressed him again, "You are on your way to the city?"

"Yes."

"How have the years passed for your honorable parents? I have known both of them and think your father to be strong and brave and the father of many beautiful sons, while your mother is the most beautiful and dainty of creatures." She lowered her head shyly and asked, "How

many beautiful sons are there now beside yourself?"

He felt his face grow hot and was ashamed of the flush which spread over his cheeks in such an unmanly fashion.

"I have four brothers and there are also two girl children in my family."

And as he saw the maid approach with the tea he was glad of a respite from the conversation. There were tiny delicious cakes made with chopped almonds and some very tasty rice cakes with the tea which itself was steaming hot and fragrant. Having something to occupy his mind and hands Ming found himself becoming more at ease.

"Tell me of your studies," asked Lotus.

Ming replied, "They would be of no interest to a young lady. They are dull and commonplace things of which to talk. Tell me about you and about our ancestors."

She told him many stories of her childhood and of Tchang, all of which were new to his ears . . . When the setting sun began to fling its banners across the skies he left with reluctant step and with many a backward look to where she sat smiling after him.

It was less than a week later that he presented himself at the gate and was once more invited within. The scene was much the same within except that the sunlight was more golden and the breeze even more fragrant. Lotus Ting reclined under the willow and filled the air with lilting melody. Her lashes fluttered as the wings of a frightened butterfly, and raising them she looked at him and said, "Ah Honorable Ming, you have returned. I felt that you could not stay away as I could not bear to have you do so," and her golden skin flushed like a deep pink lotus at her own boldness.

The servant this time brought the tea without any prompting and the two lingered long over the delicacies.



They talked of many things and soon Ming was telling of the great deeds of his honorable father.

“He is a great man and has many things of importance in his care. He is forever in danger and is always worried about the safety of my honorable mother and the girl-children. But he knows that his sons can well care for themselves; especially I, as he trusts me very much. I often have performed important missions for him. Right now, I am in the city supposedly pursuing my studies but . . .” Here he was interrupted by Lotus, who said,

“The sun is about to hide its face in the bosom of the western sky.” And Ming taking this as a signal for his departure rose to his feet but she stopped him with a shy gesture, “If you would so honor me as to partake of my humble evening meal with me you would be most welcome.”

Ming was overjoyed and followed her willingly into the house. The interior lived up to his every expectation. The walls were covered with gorgeous tapestries and the teak-wood tables covered with embroidered cloths on which were ivory statuettes. There was a mysterious fragrance of incense in the air. Ming felt his senses becoming drugged with so much splendor and beauty. Lotus left him for a short time to give instructions for the meal, and as he watched her slender retreating back he thought of how pleased his father would be should he bring such a lovely woman home as his wife.

Finally she led him to a terrace which was overhung with vines and he perceived that here was a table set so that they could feast beneath the stars. And a feast it was, such strange dishes as he had never eaten before, and clear purple wine so cool that the cup which held it became covered with a vapory dew, yet it coursed through his

veins with a strange warmth. Lotus pressed him to drink a second cup and yet a third.

Now, he felt completely at ease and forgetting all his father's words he was filled with a great desire to tell her the secret which weighed heavy on his heart.

"Fair Lotus, Moon-flower, tell me, do you know anything of the house of Hoang?" But she replied,

"No, I have not much wisdom. I may have known something of this house and forgotten it. Why? Are you friendly with the people of the house of Hoang?"

And, once more Ming began to unburden his heart, when she interrupted him.

"Do not talk of serious matters but have another cup of wine and we shall count the stars."

When an hour of stargazing had passed Lotus asked him if he would like to sing some of her musical compositions.

Ming replied, "Honor and gratification will be mine, Honorable maiden, to sing songs composed by such a goddess."

Many more pleasurable minutes passed while their two young voices mingled with the melodies she drew from her instrument; finally Ming felt that he could no longer bear the weight of the secret and led the conversation back into personal channels. This time she listened and he knew it was merely to be hospitable to him. He felt that here was another thing he would like his father to know. He had been warned that a woman might try to learn his secret, but here was a woman who would not listen except for sympathy toward him.

"But Honorable Ming, you are so brave and such an honored gentleman. But these jewels, where have you hidden them?"

Now of course Ming had not been trusted with the

jewels himself nor had his father even confided to him where they were hidden. But he had overheard some talk in the house between his father and other men and so he told her, "They have been hidden under the ground outside the west walls of the city and the spot is marked with a wooden cross as if it were a grave."

They talked long about this subject and she gave him many compliments which were sweet to his ears. Here at last was someone whom he could trust and who trusted him. She thought he was brave and strong and this made up for all his father's distrust, as to his ability to keep the secret. When at last he went on his way his heart was warm with her promise that she would await him the next day.

While walking through the city the next day he saw in the window of an old shop a small ivory and silk fan. Having still four ounces of silver left from the money his father had given him, he went within and purchased it as a gift for Lotus.

As he perceived the blue tiled roof in the distance his feet became winged with joy. The world was drenched in mellow golden sunlight, the air was filled with the scent of blossoms. As he drew near to the gate, it seemed to be barred. He thought that she merely wanted to make him knock so that she could have the pleasure of admitting him herself.

He knocked lightly and called, "Lotus, Moon-flower, honorable Lotus, I am waiting without."

As there was no answer he knocked more loudly and called again. Still no answer and his heart began a rapid descent to his toes. He knocked again and called, and banged, and shouted. Finally he realized that there was no Honorable Lotus within and that he was calling in vain to



a dream of youth. Casting many backward looks he walked away. He thought of his father's advice, and his own foolishness.

As he walked he tore to shreds the tiny fan and left behind him a trail of scraps of ivory silk, the shattered dreams of the wisdom of his youth.

## COMPLAINT

*Gertrude Mahoney, '41*

O Love, why must you ever cruel be?  
Why hold in thrall from me this weary while  
The joy, the bliss, you can bestow on me?  
Why feel I not the warmth of your kind smile?

Amid the fabled torments of the dead,  
Even tortured Tantalus knew no such fate;  
In Tartarus he was not punished  
As I, who your prized favor must await.

Yet do I know o'er me you've cast a spell  
Of witchery and magic charming grace;  
For heartlessly you every thought compel,  
And make me see forever more your face.

But scorn my heart's devotion, though you will,  
You know, my dear, I'll love, I'll love you still.

## REPROACH

*Elsie Brady, '41*

You say my love is cold and silent too,  
That I lack warmth, true love's consuming fire.  
I know my love is burning bright for you,  
Its flame as strong as e'er you could desire.

If silence be your charge—yes, I admit  
My tongue, unversed in love's sweet-sounding lay,  
My heart too full for gaiety and wit,  
My thoughts, a melody I cannot play.

But if you owned love's insight, you would know,  
For you would see beyond this outward frame,  
And you would feel the warmth and inward glow,  
And hear the words of love I did not name.

So look within your heart and find it all,  
And list the sound, the sound of love's clear call!

## VEILED

*Anna E. Higgins, '41*

When you had joined the stalwart marching file  
That trumpet-lured approached the battle fray,  
My heart wept blood with every bitter mile,  
My pain bit deeper with the passing day.  
Refusing life that sang without your voice,  
I crept within my mem'ry -crusted shell,  
And there in hope I bade faint heart rejoice,  
Unchanged you would return: I knew you well.

But when you came with knowledge battle-born,  
Maturity transformed in briefest span,  
Though life grew sweet again, my heart forlorn  
Regretted still the youth that is a man.  
For though I seem to love you as before,  
My love is his, the boy's, and yours no more.



## MY SECRET

*Mary Elcock, '41*

Shall I confess the secret in my heart?  
It is too much for me to keep alone.  
I'll share it then, and give to you a part  
Of happiness, which was but now my own.  
I'll borrow time, I'll need it for expression,  
And I'll ask the poet for his gifted pen;  
A musician's ear you'll need for my confession,  
And for my secret you are ready then.  
But if I tell, no secret will remain—  
My hidden thought concerns but you and me,  
And it would be my loss, nor any gain,  
Because it's based on naught but hope, you see.  
I'd rather hope you share my secret thought,  
Than tell it you, and find that you care not.

## NO BALM

*Anna E. Higgins, '41*

My heart burns out its fire within your eyes  
That mirror naught but comradely regard;  
My love song sharps its strains in swift surprise  
Abreast your lusty friendship chant. Thus charred,  
My heart torments its beat with sorrowed hurt,  
Remembering the dreams that buried sleep  
Beneath the ash. I stir the crumbled dirt;  
In wakened memory, my sorrow steep.  
And yet, you thought you chose the kinder way—  
With gentle words you sought to check in vain  
My swifter-than-wind heart's song. Soft words allay  
And soothe, perhaps, already suffered pain;  
    But kindness that inflicts the wound will cure  
    It nevermore. Such sorrows must endure.

# TRIUMPH

*H.I.E. '32*

Not blare of battle trumpet,  
Nor unleashed dogs of war,  
Will re-create Earth's glory.

Not gospelled hate, unrhythmic,  
Nor force, titanic mould,  
Will make Earth's fairer story.

But soft heart-call of White Dove,  
And olive branch beleaved,  
Will mark Earth's peaceful way.

And fire of Flaming Spirit  
Will burn away dark evil,  
And light a God-ward day.



## EDITORIALS

### *Come All Ye!*

With Europe aflame in passion-generated war because of the utter disintegration of a homocentric philosophy; with man's inhumanity to man never more blatantly in evidence; with chaos for cosmos, the inevitable result of Evil enthroned, it were futile, and worse, for us to utter platitudes, to speak in clichés, or to offer a soothing syrup to a debilitation that needs probing, searing, cutting.

*Come All Ye!* The trumpet gives no uncertain sound. From the camp of good, from the camp of evil, the call is to ACTION. We distinguish—to ACTION, not to a nervous, febrile activity, in which state we often seem busier than we are; in which state we often do incalculable harm to our Cause because of our zeal untempered by prudence. We mean ACTION. First, we must sweep and garnish our own soul-house, then, being men who love justice, we shall go forth to make objective the vibrant counsel of the intrepid Pope Pius XII, now gloriously reigning, counsel, that like another St. Paul, he emphasizes in season and out of season, we shall go forth to do our part in the establishment of Christian Justice from all to all. The light of Faith, the breath of Love must once again illumine and enliven our earth, void, and empty, and dark-enfolded, save for its firm establishment in Christo-centric life and living.

*Come All Ye!* Come all you Catholic men and women who have been privileged to drink at the full fountain of knowledge, and to drink in fulness thereof. This we have done and markedly by reason of our Catholic College training. *Come All Ye!* Let us raise right standards of living aloft. Raise them in ourselves, in our homes, in our avocations, in

our politics. Else, we are traitors and black with perfidy to the CAUSE which implicitly and explicitly we have pledged ourselves to defend by reason of our matriculation at and graduation from a Catholic College. *Come All Ye!*

*Ave atque Vale!*

*Ave!* Hail to the incoming ETHOS Staff. May every success be theirs. May they carry on Emmanuel's noble traditions of culture. May the ETHOS continue in their capable hands to offer, in the best literary fashion, all that is beautiful, and good, and true. *Ave!*

*Vale!* Farewell, for now it is time to part. Farewell to our College that has taught us how to use our minds in judging values, in distinguishing between temporal and eternal ends, and in adjusting the means thereto. Whether or not we use this knowledge depends not on Emmanuel, but on ourselves. With this direction of our rational powers, she has given us intellectual humility, so that we may be cautious in accepting new theories and solutions of age-old problems; and may not, like fools, "rush in where angels fear to tread." As educators of Catholic young women, the Sisters of Notre Dame have reached distinction. They have been exemplars and teachers of a principle that a well and wisely stored mind is a faithful, ever-present friend. They have placed iterated stress on the truth that as a requisite for right conduct there is no safer qualification than self-control. May we live lives that will be exponents of the realization of such sound training.

The Editor-in-Chief and the Staff of the ETHOS wish to thank sincerely and completely all who have made our year's venture a pleasure, a profit, and a happy memory. *Vale!*

Mary L. Greenler, '40

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# THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

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“My father named me Autolycus...a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.”

“Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a.”

*The Winter's Tale*, IV, iii.

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## *Speaking of 'Slang':*

Far be it from me to encourage the use of that waif alien to the 'purist', but did you know that the immortal Shakespeare has given the accolade of aristocratic dignity to much that is current *slang*? You did not? I'll prove it. The following dialog can be imagined spoken by any man, any woman, at any time, in any place. Look the quotations up in your Shakespeare, and when you have found them, make a note of them. The woman has the first and the last word. 'Tis fitting thus.

W. So, so. Over shoes in love? Thereby hangs a tale.

M. That's neither here nor there. What the Dickens his name is? A man of my kidney?

W. What a coil is there! Neither rhyme nor reason.

M. There's something in the wind. The short and the long's, every mother's son, the more the pity, knows not which is which.

W. Lord, what fools these mortals be! This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

M. Hot ice! I have you on the hip. It's a wise father that knows his own child.

W. God made him and therefore let him pass for a man. I dote on his very absence.

M. That was laid on with a trowel. Too much of a good thing. Let the world slide.



- W. Our cake's dough on both sides. Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.
- M. My purpose is indeed a horse of that color. Die with laughing.
- W. There is example for it. The Lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.
- M. Laugh yourself into stitches. I thank my stars.
- W. This is as uncivil as strange. That's off; that's off. Chasier'd.
- M. Harp on that still. No more of that.
- W. Thou hast hit it. Let's kiss and part.

## CURTAIN

So far Scene I: It's racy dialog and pure Shakespearean. It was put together with very little advertence to thought-content; yet it does make sense.

---

- M. What a caterwauling dost thou keep. These tidings nip me. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early.
- W. Non pareil. Beyond, beyond. The game is up.
- M. Nothing to be got now-a-days unless thou canst fish for it.
- W. Are you not out? No more of that now.
- M. But the point is this. We may go whistle. All the fat's in the fire.
- W. For goodness sake. As mad as a March hare.
- M. Sleep like a top. Hit the mark.
- W. Bold, bad man. Have-at-him. Give us the slip?
- M. Nay, I do bear a brain. Time out o' mind I hit it right. Know the drift.
- W. Greek to me. Chew upon this. I will not budge.
- M. I pause for a reply.
- W. A plain, blunt man. Cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd.
- M. Most admired disorder, to have an itching palm.
- W. And so his knell is knoll'd.
- M. Frailty thy name is woman.
- W. A little more than kin and less than kind.
- M. The time is out of joint. O my prophetic soul!
- W. In my mind's eye. This is wondrous strange. Here's my drift. We shall sift him.

## CURTAIN

So far Scene II. Woman to the fore. The dialog continues and grows more and more to a convincing finale.

---

- M. More matter with less art. Brevity is the soul of wit. The play's the thing.
- W. He is far gone, far gone. There's the rub.
- M. Tear a passion to tatters. This is miching malhecho.
- W. It out-herods Herod. They did it pat.
- M. Cudgel thy brains no more about it. Wear my heart upon my sleeve?
- W. My gorge rises at it. I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver.
- M. Sweets to the sweet.
- W. Dog will have his day.
- M. I am nothing if not critical.
- W. Chronicle small beer.
- M. On the hip.
- W. Not a jot. A foregone conclusion.
- M. Pride, pomp, and circumstance, make us or mar us.
- W. Take her or leave her.
- M. Done upon the gad.
- W. Bandy hasty words.
- M. O that way madness lies.
- W. The news is not so tart.
- M. Not so hot. No more ado. Rule the roost.
- W. A fig for—He knows the game.
- M. Dead as a doornail. Birds of selfsame feather.
- W. Sit you fast.
- M. Absent you from felicity awhile.
- W. The rest is silence.

### *Speaking of Keys*

Keys are, I am sure, very sensitive little fellows, (I assume their masculinity from the fact of their unreliability), and doubtless prefer an isolated untroubled existence. My methods of key-using are erratic and probably hurt the poor things. For three months, I neglect all my keys; suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, I seize upon my keys and with them attack locks with unwholesome glee. After three times working for me,

any key must feel broken in spirit, for it wanders off—to be lost forever. Some keys desert me after one trial; but these are the natural born rebels.

\* \* \*

The National Society of Keys began its first persecution of me when I was a mere child; it left a permanent scar upon my impressionability. A key, a piano key, caused one of the first disgraces of my otherwise angelic childhood. Great-Uncle Tom had come to call. As was his wont, he asked my mother to play "Glowworm" for him. Mother explained to the dear old fellow that her small daughter had locked the piano and had lost the key. That I lost face immediately with Uncle Tom was patent. Perhaps that was why I was not mentioned in his will.

That was not the only piano key that troubled my youth. For a time, I studied 'piano', but the mention, mere mention of the Keys of F, A, B, etc. locked up my musical talent. Then the keys disappeared, for I never knew nor recognized them. So the world lost a genius! And I continue to sing and play 'off-key.'

\* \* \*

Locker-keys delight in evading me in season and out of season. We break off diplomatic relationship after about two weeks of friendly association. The difficulties caused me by this situation, in being obliged to go home without rubbers, or to class without books are as bubbles when compared to the heavier troubles that I have with baggage keys. My mother, knowing my propensity for losing keys, suggested that I send the key of my trunk to her to keep it safe for me. This seemed an admirable proceeding. But the result! After I had packed to go home, and had called the Railway Express to come for my trunk, it was appalling to find that it could not be closed, for it was locked *open*. All for the sake of a scrawny, little gypsy key, I had to encounter two burly expressmen, and smile sweetly while trying to tell them that their trip had been in vain.

\* \* \*

Intangible keys are a source of worry to me also. All great poets have a key which will unlock their beauties and will open up the minds of their lovers to a comprehension of their poetry. Oh, yes, I receive the keys. I place them safely in my notes, and as soon as my back is turned, away they fly. When I think of all the hours I have spent in search of such keys!!

\* \* \*



The Light Brigade at Balaklava were in the open, broad spaces in comparison to the hemming in my Keys have done to me: not only to right of me, not only to left of me; but above me, before me, behind me, below me; may I have been encircled, enmazed by KEYS!! Earl Ritters has written a book entitled, "Seven Keys to Baldpate." I see the point. If I needed *seven keys*, I'd go bald myself. And now I understand the necessity of the red wig of Queen Elizabeth. Think of the number of keys she needed for the realm of England!

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## CURRENT BOOKS

*Men, Women, and Places*, by Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1939, 248 pages.

OUR misfortune is to groove authors. We think of them as novelists, or essayists, or dramatists, or biographers, or poets. This is paying small tribute to them, for their gift is not so hidebound as our pigeonholing would seem to indicate. Authors are artists in the media of words. Their versatility in all art forms runs frequently almost parallel with their specific ability in one of them. Of this truth, Sigrid Undset is a potent, living example. Perhaps her stature is greatest in her Medieval Romances: the trilogy, *Kristin Lavransdatter*; the tetralogy, *The Master of Hestviken*, and *Gunnar's Daughter*. A Gallup's poll would undoubtedly find more votes cast for her in this metier. But her modern novels, *Jenny*, *The Winding Road*, *Ida Elisabeth*, *The Longest Years*, *The Faithful Wife*, *Images in a Mirror* cut brilliant facets in the gem of her artistry; and many call her great by reason of these alone. *Stages on the Road*, her first book of essays, prepared us for the strong thoughts moulded in skilful words that *Men, Women, and Places* delights us with.

In the first essay, "Blasphemy," she lights a critical torch which she holds steadily aloft and with which she illumines the dark depths of spiritualism. The last two essays are delightful excursions into the

beauties of land and sea and people in Gotland and in Glastonbury. Their legend lives again under her creative pen. Two women attract her thoughts: a Danish peasant who is a consummate novelist, Marie Bregendahl; and the much talked-of mystic, Margery Kempe of Lynn. She was widely gossiped about in her day, often with malicious pricking; she is widely written of in our day as contemporary magazines and books testify. The remaining four essays are the Men of the title: the notorious D. H. Lawrence of unsavory fame; the author of one novel, "Weeping Cross," Henry Longan Stuart, who shares an essay with the Catholic 17th century loyalist, William Blundell; the 17th century famous Lord Falkland; and there are a few pages devoted to a very obscure German novelist of the last century, Leo Weismantel.

The reader will find himself admiring the depth of thought, the firm grasp of the essential, the ready sympathetic approach, and the clear, keen, incisive deductions that Madame Undest brings to the development of the essays. Notably is this true in her writing of D. H. Lawrence and of the one novel of Stuart. The Lawrence essay, in particular, is provocative to a degree. It is developed along the same lines as that with which E. I. Watkin in "A Philosophy of Form," draws Lawrence's lineaments. One should be read in the light of the other. This reviewer would single out the essay "Cavalier" as the finest in the book. Madame Undset has been castigated by critics over and over for her frankness in portrayal of weak, human nature. Surely, she has warrant in the very Book of books for this truth-compelling portrait. She makes this strong asseveration apropos of the reception that Stuart's novel received from his co-religionists: "The Catholics of America have been infected by the puritanical system of suppression—which is entirely un-Catholic." That statement is her point of departure in her examination of the novel, and she does a splendid piece of work therewith.

The book is not easily to be read. It is thought-challenging at almost every step. And that is good Spartan training for those of us who desire to work not too hard, nor too long, nor too tiringly. It would seem as if some of the very spirit of the Vikings is in Madame Undset by birth and by training; hence, we get strength, virility, force, equipoise, and beauty in her style. The present fiendish onslaught on Norway will, we trust, spare the charming town of Lillehammer, where in the ruins of the famous Hammer Cathedral nestles the little home of the novelist. We hope, also, that this quotation from one of the essays will not prove



too prophetic: "Norway measured by the standard of human life is immensely old, and yet it is but a passing smile on the face of the globe."

This is a Borzoi book. By that statement its banner of distinction is unfurled.

E.D.M. '41

*Plays for My Children*, by Paul Vincent Carroll. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. 1939, 199 pages.

THE title of Paul Vincent Carroll's little volume of six plays belies its nature, for this work, although written for children and intended for performance by children, was not forgetful of the adult in its composition. "Plays for My Children" might well have been called "Plays for Children of All Ages." In reality, this line appears as a footnote to the first play, "The King That Could Not Laugh."

Each of these six plays offers a setting and a situation that are bound to attract the reader. "Death Closes All" presents the tragedy of the betrayal of Robert Emmet in 1805. "St. Francis and the Wolf" has for its setting thirteenth century Italy. "Maker of the Roads" is laid in fourth century England during Roman occupation. The remaining three plays in the volume are located in no specific country; the time is the present. The imagination is immediately caught by the strangeness of the "Royal Palace of Karmia, in the Far East; by the "little country of Riffenruffel, away to the East; and by "a lonely valley in Europe." The very uniqueness of these settings is fascinating.

"The King Who Could Not Laugh" pokes merry fun at politicians, of whom it says in the words of the vagabond, Augustus; "I do not waste time listening to windy old greybeards preaching on the terraces, and promising me things which they haven't got and can't give." The theme is that of a materialism that has swamped the world and almost destroyed its capacity for laughter; that laughter that may only be found in the "children of the Road." The methods of trying to produce joy artificially such as the world offers are symbolized by the concoctions of the court physician, Marnitski. They are both futile.

A similar theme is the basis of the story of Hans Ericcsen, the old toy-maker of "Beauty Has Fled." The kindly, old artist explains to his weary, despondent King that "greedy men have swept all beauty out of the world into little old corners like this, and that the few who still love it, must come after it like pilgrims."



The above-mentioned plays seem most appealing because of their very delicacy. Yet, "His Excellency, the Governor," possesses an attraction in its mock "Arabian Nights" atmosphere, in the pompousness of the banana-eating Governor, in the rigmarole of court procedure, and in the ostentatious humility of the plaintiff.

"St. Francis and the Wolf" holds up before our eyes the defects of government officials, whose pseudo-efficiency is nil in case of emergency. Beside them, the figure of the gentle St. Francis stands triumphant, for he tamed the wolf by means of rare logic and a bit of saintly moral suasion. Although the language of the ferocious beast is a series of "gaw's" and "grr's", we can almost understand his meaning even without the concise and effective interpretation of St. Francis.

"Maker of the Roads" tells the story of the conversion and martyrdom of St. Alban, the Roman road-builder. It gives a touching picture of the mutual love of father and daughter.

The least happy of these little plays is "Death Closes All," which recalls the tragedy that put an end to the love of Sara Curran and the betrayed Robert Emmet. In this play, Carroll seems too consciously wounded by the Anglo-Irish feud of centuries to insert any note of lighter tone. There is no fun, and frolic, and joy here. Nor could there well be. It seems a sombre play among the light and gay ones.

Carroll here seeks his themes from history, from legend, and from the land of make-believe. In all these themes he has placed principles that are palpably evident in this present work-a-day world, and by this means he has linked up fact and imagination, and placed them in the here and the now. He seems to understand remarkably well the unspoiled wisdom of the very young, who still "trail their clouds of glory." Hence he avoids that fault so despised by children of talking down to them. The simplicity of these plays possesses a magic, a profundity, an enduring charm.

A.E.H. '41

*Snow at Night*, by Esther Valck Georgns. Boston: Bruce Humphries, Inc. 1939. 79 pages.

IN "Snow at Night and Other Poems," Esther Valck Georgns has written a slight collection of lovely verse. These poems sound the note of the universals, and likewise ring specific changes

thereon. Although there is no great profundity of thought in this volume, no straining after effect, yet she has given the poems the slight touch of novelty, of individualization. In "Hearts Never Break" she rends the old platitude thus:

Breaks are part of bone and clay—  
Hearts never break. Hearts decay.

I think this rendition has a bit of the noisomeness of the 1890 decadents.

The book falls into two distinct parts, sharply differentiated in tone and in technique. The first part is devoted to little quatrains; the second, is largely given over to the sonnet. The sonnets are not allied in sequence of thought, yet they hang together by their emotional power. That emotion is unrequited love. They seem to sound a note of warning in too readily giving one's affections to another. She advises in "Admiration" to

Armor your heart and take thought for the ending,  
Or you shall go down beneath the bright spear.

A similar sentiment is found in "Preparedness:

And so I shall not weep although we part—  
I long ago rubbed resin on my heart.

She considers it necessary to build up a defence mechanism against the darts of love. A note sounding the hollowness of empty triumph is heard towards the end of the sonnet group. In "Love Is a Dainty Thing," we hear:

All is not lost if we are quick and sure—  
Discard the tattered raiment! Pride will make  
A stunning cloak and one that will endure.

But Nemesis walks with infidelity, as well as with all other lapses from virtue. "To One Who Would Be Free," there is a cautionary reminder:

Or my revenge will strike nor be denied—  
You'll find a ghost goes running at your side.

All is not so hopelessly lost as the reality would seem to indicate, for she seeks to reassure herself of an ultimate triumph in death. "Last Words" ends thus:

...and it is only fair  
That you the living, be the one to weep,  
While I, the dead, shall neither know—nor care.

Those last two words are cold comfort.

The poems on Nature are light and airy. "October" gives a refreshingly original touch, where the wind



...had travelled many miles,  
And blown through many a rag  
Before he found our maple tree  
And made himself a flag.

"Fog" is artistically done. Her choice and collocation of words sets the perfect atmosphere:

Insidiously soft it comes,  
Much stiller than a mouse,  
Or pussy feet of velvet,  
Padding an empty house.

The charm of these nature poems lies in the fact that they are attuned in simplicity and fleetingness to their matter. She makes a golden glory with a garden rake in "Autumn Leaves":

The rake and I kept company  
For just a little while,  
Now all the songs of summer  
Lie in a golden pile.

"Strawberry Jam" means but June in a jar. The "Woodpecker" is fairly up to date in interpretation:

This poet seems to play on her instrument as her mood would have her do. Her touch is sure; now light—a single tone; now heavy—a harmony of sound. "Railroad Yards" and "Washington Market" give aspects of the social scene. The trains' characteristics of swiftness are:

These fabulous steel hounds that mankind sends  
Upon his errands to the earth's far ends.

"Washington Market" catches a bit of the freshness and fragrance of the country in the drab, dusty setting of the city. But the city soon blurs and sours the country's color and sweetness.

And round this wealth the dusky city coils—  
A sleepy beast in wait to catch the spoils.

"Defeat" dwells upon the eternal striving of man to get somewhere, anywhere in a hurry, who finds himself getting nowhere and letting the best go by. It is an indictment of our materialized age of hustle and bustle. A theme emerging from modern inventions is sung in "Airplane in the Snow," that maddest of man-made things—"the symbol of science proving its worth."

The poem, "Argument" concludes the volume. It is aptly named. It is an argument, strong, bold, caustic, cynical in its I-defy-you-to-deny-it air. A spade is a spade, we admit, but the poet could have drawn the



spade a little more subtly and been as effective. The situation it portrays is admittedly true; but it strikes a false note in these poetic tones. It is hard to see where thought guided by sound reason leaves off and perverse cynicism begins.

H.M.McE. '41

*Escape*, by Ethel Vance. Boston: Little, Brown & Company, 1939. 428 pages.

NOW, WHEN MANY of the major nations of this planet are engaged in what *Time* has called "World War II," it is to be expected that the writing market will be flooded with war literature. A glance at the weekly book-review publications will show that these expectations have already been realized, despite the strange misgivings of Louis MacNeice, the young British poet and playwright. He was recently quoted by the Associated Press as saying: "The world is not very likely to see much war poetry coming out of the present war with Germany, England, and France. Prospects may improve if and when the war speeds up a little, but right now there is too much boredom about the whole thing to encourage poets or poetry." Much literature on the war, on the conditions in the various countries leading up to the war, and on the ideologies of the countries engaged in the war, has already been published. As is usually the defect of quantity, much of it is not of a very high quality. Among the mediocrities of writing of this kind pouring from the presses (and there is some poetry, save the mark, among them) Ethel Vance's novel treating of conditions in Germany since the rise of the Hitler regime stands apart on its achievement.

"Escape" tells its story simply and well. Unlike many of the writers on German affairs, Ethel Vance does not draw up a long indictment of Germany's crimes against civilization. Rather she tells the tale of a woman who rebels against the principles of a government that would stifle the soul and deny the rights that are inalienable to the spirit of mankind. Her rebellion brings her to the threshold of death. Her struggle of soul and body is described in picturesque and powerful language.

Whether "Escape" presents a true picture of conditions in Germany under Adolf Hitler, this reviewer is not competent to say. That is a task which more properly belongs to the province of historians or political philosophers, and it is for them to make that judgment. A literary reviewer, however, can say that this is a fine novel of its genre; though

now and again it does emit a somewhat noisome odor and leaves a brackish taste.

The heroine of the novel is Madame Emmy Ritter who had thrilled many a German audience by her superb acting. After a short stay in America, she returned to Germany in order to sell her home there. A concentration camp had its gates open to receive her upon her entrance into German territory, for this omniscient government knew that she was the agent who had distributed anti-German pamphlets in the United States. Her punishment was to be quick and summary.

Her son, Mark, a young artist, left behind in America, had a short time before received from her an uninforming but urgent note. He left for Germany, with no knowledge of his mother's fearful plight. Doctor Ditten, the physician in the concentration camp, found it hard to understand why Emmy Ritter made such a valiant effort to live after the very serious operation she had undergone just after her arrival in the camp, since she knew that her restored life would be forfeit for the crimes she had committed against the government. He understood less why he wanted to aid her so much; certainly his childhood memory of her acting could not be a sufficient cause.

Mark and Doctor Ditten met, and in the merry atmosphere of a German tavern, amidst strains of German music and clinks of beer glasses, Mark was told of the coming execution of his mother. Mark found himself facing the first and greatest tragedy of his life, with what help three uncertain acquaintances could give him: Doctor Ditten, an almost complete stranger to him; Fritz, a former family servant, whom Mark's childish recollections thought to be a man capable of doing the impossible; and the Countess, who stood high in German social and military circles, by reason of her birth and her liaisons.

Mark plumbed his mind depths in search of a method of escape for his mother. He concluded before long that escape was impossible from Germany. The day before the execution, Doctor Ditten coolly announced to Mark: "Today I did a criminal thing. . ." Then he proceeded to outline the plan of escape that he had contrived. Emily Ritter did escape.

The real worth of the book and the success of the author consist not so much in the descriptions of the external difficulties in which the characters find themselves, as in the intense analysis of the feelings and sentiments of these men and women caught in the coils of a government that does not believe in the dignity of man, and scoffs at a philosophy that holds certain rights of man inalienable, as I have said above. The atti-



tude of that government is best expressed in the words of one of the characters who says that these are people who "try to make the God they want."

It is an established literary fact that "Ethel Vance" is a pseudonym. Conjectures have been many as to the identity of the author. Critics believe that the quality of the writing warrants the work of an established writer rather than a tyro. Evidently, "Ethel Vance" believes in 'safety first.' She finds herself, possibly, in a position not unlike that of Emmy Ritter. She wishes to condemn a government; it were foolhardy to disclose her real name.

It is a pity that the book loses by the trail of the serpent that slimes some of its pages. It is at times both frankly and suggestively unethical and immoral.

M.D. '40

*Peace Through Prayer*, by Sister Helen Madeleine S.N.D. de Namur.  
New York: Spiritual Book Associates, 1940. 98 pages.

"**P**EACE THROUGH PRAYER" is the third volume in a series that purports to help those who desire to grow in intimacy with Christ. One of the means proposed to attain this end is prayer; prayer then effects peace of soul.

In twenty-four spiritual flashes, so to speak, the author points out aptly, suggestively, dramatically, the text to be meditated upon; brings it home to all in personal application; ends on a familiarly reverent colloquy of the soul with its Divine Lover. This method fits into the pattern of our quick-moving age that even seems to want to take its soul food in 'capsules'; that wants to run and read. By supplying a means to the attaining of this desire and taste, *Peace Through Prayer*, in its little way, shows the adaptability of the most profound spiritual truths to meet the needs of the modern spirit, as they have been consonant with the needs of the past time, and will ever be in harmony with the spirit of all future ages.

Not the least of the attractions of the plan of this book is the fact that it can be taken up, opened at random, and supply points of meditation at once direct, true, and helpful for any soul. These flights of Prayer are short, swift, and upward; there is very little opportunity for distractions to weight them down to earth again. A book thus supplying matter needed in our day above all others should have an ever-growing appeal, an ever-widening circulation.



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# THESE HUNDRED YEARS

*Anna E. Higgins, '41*

IN AN older, time-worn land that spoke a softly liquid tongue, in an older century that breathed a slower life, a tiny seed was planted through the instrumentality of a heroic woman who knew how to suffer and to love. Now, in this newer, speed-torn world that speaks a cosmopolitan tongue, in this younger century that runs on wheels of haste, the branches from that transplanted seed have reached a large fruition through the faith and love and sacrifice of the Daughters in Christ of that heroic woman, Marie Rose Julie Billiard.

Blessed Julie Billiard, Foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, was born in Cuvilly, in seventeen fifty-one. This child of humble parentage is today hailed as the "blessed star in the sky of France in the eighteenth century." Early deprived of bodily activity by reason of her invalidism, yet this chosen soul worked from her bed to spread the truths of the gospel that were then bound by the Napoleonic code operating through "constitutional" priests. She was marked for martyrdom by the proscriptions of the Reign of Terror; but quick-witted friends rescued her by hiding her under a load of hay, and driving her away to safety under the very eyes of the hirelings of the Committee of Public Safety! Julie's heart was lightened and her soul was comforted by a vision accorded her by our Savior. She saw her future spiritual Daughters in apostolic fields of labor for Christ; and was warned, at this time, that her Institute was to be founded on the Cross, and to be nourished on crosses.

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God's providence drew to Julie's side a brilliant, pious young aristocrat, Mlle. François Blin de Bourdon. This meeting formed the point of religious association that became in time, the Institute of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur. By eighteen hundred and four, three devoted women of this gathering took vows, and pledged themselves to work for the Christian education of girls under the patronage of our Lady. The Institute rapidly spread in France, then in Belgium and in Holland.

Hands across the ocean were stretched out for succor to the Institute, even as the Macedonians stretched out hands to St. Paul. In eighteen hundred and forty, during the Generalate of Reverend Mother Ignace, Sisters from Namur embarked on the long voyage to America to bring help to the "savages". So the dearest wish of Reverend Mother Ignace's heart was realized, but by proxy. Her own consuming desire was to go on the American mission. She could not go. She missioned the missionaries to our shores. Eight Sisters arrived in Cincinnati, Ohio, and Notre Dame's life began in America. Thus commenced the strong Province of Ohio, to the sterling efforts whereof, the West owes much of its superiority in the field of education. Coincidentally, the first children to come under the care of the Institute at its foundation were eight orphans; in Ohio, eight orphans opened the first class of the Sisters.

Not calm, soft airs and gentle rain nurtured the growth of Notre Dame's Tree in this country. It was reared as the parent Tree, watered by the toil and sacrifices and prayers of the Gardeners. It is true, the Sisters here had no Reign of Terror to combat; but a lesser trial—that of poverty, often dire in the extreme, bigotry, prejudice, and all manner of great and petty persecutions. Perhaps the motherly-hearted



Sisters found it hardest to bear the sight of the people in some parts of Ohio in fear of them, and also their awareness of the strong resentment that was both vocalized and objectified.

From Ohio Sisters came to open Houses in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Washington, D. C. The far western mission of California was opened directly from Namur. After an abortive attempt to civilize and Christianize the real Indians in Oregon, those Sisters who were engaged on that mission were transferred, likewise, to California. The Sisters would never have turned away from hardships—that is their daily bread—but they were given no opportunity in Oregon to work at the education nor at the instruction of these poor people. In order to sustain life, the Sisters were forced to work in the fields, to wrest from the soil their living. When all hope of betterment had died away, the Sisters reluctantly left this mission. California received them with joy.

Nowhere did Notre Dame encounter more violent prejudice and bigotry than in Philadelphia, not, at that time, a “City of Brotherly Love” to them. This bigotry was long-lived. Eleven years after the arrival of the Sisters, Sister Superior Julia was obliged to negotiate for property in the guise of a lady of the world, fascinatingly arrayed in the prevailing fashion of dress and coiffure. The archives of the Philadelphia Convent describe her appearance in modish clothes, wearing a bonnet trimmed with pink roses, from which peeped out tiny curls. These were obtained from one of the little boarders who had lately been shorn. Camouflage did not come in with the late war. Sister Superior Julia obtained the property. She could not head-off the storm that broke out. But bigotry died of its own energy; and Notre Dame marched on to conquest of souls. Its influence

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spread, its schools and convents grew, until the crowning venture of this intrepid Superior's far-seeing vision became a reality in the opening of Trinity College.

Notre Dame in Massachusetts! The Sisters came to Boston in eighteen forty-nine. And that was an hazardous undertaking for the air was yet filled with the anti-Catholic feelings that had provoked some fifteen years earlier the mean attack on the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown. Know-nothingism was still strong in the section, but Father McElroy, S.J. felt that the Sisters of Notre Dame would be courageous enough to carry on for Religion's sake even amidst hostile scenes and environment. Accordingly the Sisters settled in a Convent in the North End of Boston, St. Mary's. That was the center from which they radiated to the suburbs and outskirts along the coast, and to the far western part of the State. The adder fang of hostility was again about to strike. The venom was spilled on the Academy of Roxbury, where a "Smelling Committee" (was ever name more fitting to object?) pried into the innermost parts of the Convent. This was apparently approved by the State Legislature; at any rate, nothing was done to protect the Sisters and the Convent and the Boarding School. But all this overt persecution died, consumed by its own spleen. Notre Dame continued to flourish and to expand. The pinnacle of its expansion was reached in nineteen hundred nineteen when Emmanuel College, the first Catholic College for women in New England, opened its doors to a splendid group of fine Catholic womanhood.

So this year, nineteen hundred and forty, is the hundredth anniversary of their coming to the United States. They are as surely a part of the Nation's life as if their ship that brought them from Namur was a veritable "Mayflower."



The tiny tree transplanted to a soil all unprepared has today spread out its branches North, South, East, and West; and gathers them to itself in an upward, Heavenward sweep. The centenary time has come; the mental, moral, and spiritual harvesting is here—and the crop is very good. The roots have taken deep hold down into the very life and culture of our loved land—not to be uprooted by any subversive power.

The original eight Sisters have become a growth of over twenty-two hundred. Those who have joined the “choir invisible” are a numerous throng, likewise. The original Sixth Street Convent has witnessed an expansion marked by four Provinces: Ohio, Massachusetts, California, and Maryland. The corporal works of mercy; teaching, in all its branches, caring for orphans, day nurseries, schools for the deaf, catechetical instruction, Alumnae, Sodalties, Reading Circles, Debating Societies, Evidence Guild work—all these activities receive their vitality from the deep spirit of religion, the spirit of Christ, the Source, the Course, the End of all their being and of their works.

The triumph of the work and of the worth of Notre Dame stands before the eyes of America, in this the hundredth year, in all its glory of work well done. It grows, it flourishes, it spreads out its branches in a wide circle of endeavor, while the parent Tree in Namur lies ruined (physically so) by the ruthlessness of War. But in the words of the Jesuit poet at University Heights, it is their glory that

“They have been found worthy to suffer.  
They have been found worthy to die.”



# FULFILMENT

*Gertrude A. Robbins, '41*

The Heavenly Sower dropped to earth His seed.  
It rooted firm in Namur's fertile soil,  
There grew to lofty tree. Apostolic need  
Took plantings from it, that unceasing toil  
Has gardened here throughout a century.  
It flourished under sun of freedom fair,  
Its seedlings were far-flung o'er distant lea  
By never-veering, strong-blown winds of prayer.

Now lift aloft triumphant choral song,  
Raise high the jubilee chant in swelling tone  
For Hundred Years, a mighty growth and strong  
Stands Notre Dame in eagle-emblem home.  
Mother Tree war-felled on soil of loved Namur—  
Such sacrifice but makes our sturdy Tree endure.

## AD LUMEN

*Anna E. Higgins, '41*

"Lead, Kindly Light", in deep soul-dark he prayed,  
Storm-worn where rooted firm the Church of Rome  
Was ruled by AntiChrist, he thought. Then home,  
His wingèd words before him sped and laid  
Among Oxonian hearts and tenets staid  
The ground for Anglican reform. The loam  
Was fertile-rich, the harvest swift, though moan  
And doubt his peace disturbed, his being flayed.

Through fog to light, he fought within his soul,  
Tradition-torn: a long, hard road to go  
To Mother Church and Rome, with costly toll,  
The loss of friends, the bitter gain of foe.  
The light flared bright when Newman grasped his goal;  
Dead fifty years, his words in beauty glow.

# HEART SPEAKS TO HEART

*Gertrude Mahoney, '41*

“**H**EAR<sup>T</sup> speaks to heart”, the chosen motto of John Henry Newman, both epitomizes the man and synthesizes his teachings. It is fifty years since that silver-voiced orator was heard in Oxford's old St. Mary's. Time has but emphasized the truth of its utterances and realized the potency of its sway. Not only Oxford now, not even England, but the whole world pays homage to the man who searched and found the Truth, and pointed out this Way to others. This fiftieth anniversary of the death of the Cardinal is fittingly marked “golden.” His influence on the lives of men and on the culture of the world has been most precious, most significant.

We do not propose to ourselves to treat at any length the story of doubt, discouragement, bitterness, loneliness through which the soul of Newman passed until he reached the sunburst of religious truth. It would be but “gilding gold” to attempt to tell it, since he himself has left it a sublime record in his world-famous “Apologia”. It will be from the viewpoint of his literary influence in the Catholic Literary Emergence that we shall present him to your gaze and appreciation.

Every good writer is necessarily a man of his own age and generation; an interpreter of the particular crises of his time. Newman was no exception to this rule. He was profoundly influenced, shaken to the depths of his being, by the drastic results of the Tractarian Movement. Since the man cannot be separated from his times, and since his mental reactions



must vitalize his works, therefore, in Newman's writings will be found this theme of spiritual turmoil and its ultimate resolution.

He was the dominant figure of the Oxford Movement. The very birth of this Movement is traced to the publication of his now famous "Tract Ninety". This was recognized as a direct attack on the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Established Church. He had hereby touched the fuse of a mighty bomb that made a terrific explosion in his own day, and reverberations of which can yet be heard in ours. The important role that Newman played in the Oxford Movement reaches a new significance in its—shall we call it, by-product—the Catholic Literary Emergence. Newman was the motivating power of this Movement; his was the stimulus that brought to shape this strong revival of Catholic Literature in England.

The writings of Newman are grouped in three distinct literary forms: novel, poetry, essay. In all forms he is, as the true artist must ever be, the seeker and portrayer of truth; it is as an essayist that he stands the great artist. Although Newman had avidly read from childhood the novels of the prince of Romanticists and story-tellers, Sir Walter Scott, little of his influence can be found in Newman's novels, "Callista", and "Loss and Gain." No "bow-wow" strain is here; no medieval trappings shorn of medieval soul. The novels would hardly hold modern interest as they calmly, quietly, without thrills, unveil a Catacomb and an autobiographic story. Newman's metier was not the novel form. Neither is he great in the field of poetry. Perhaps the poem for which he should be remembered is "The Dream of Gerontius". Here in a spontaneous burst of confidence he sings of "the intemperate energy of love" with which the soul of

man "flies to the dear feet" of its Maker. Newman was a man gifted with a poet's soul; but the polemic nature of his work finds its best expression in his essays. He is the greatest stylist of his own century—and of ours!

Newman held the artistic prerogative of literature. Art meant the expression of the beautiful. Beauty was Truth. That was all he knew on earth and all he needed to know. His life was spent in an exhaustive quest for Truth. During his Anglican days his delight was in the writings of the early Fathers of the Church. His absorbing interest in the history of the first centuries of Christianity gradually forced Newman to the conclusion that the Roman Church was the primitive Church founded by Christ on His Apostles, not a branch of the Anglican Church, to which belief he had hitherto paid credence. Even after this truth was accepted by him, he had a long, hard way to go before he came into the Land of Vision. When he had at last been established in the Truth, his whole work was to disseminate it by word, by writing. Then began the period wherein Newman's real literary genius was shown. All the forces of his powers of style were brought to focus in his essays. Open his essays wherever one will, the strength, the grace, the rhythmic cadence, the rounded periods, the balance, the antithesis—all the devices of the great rhetorician will spring to one's gaze. Read the "Apologia", read "The Present Position of Catholics", read "The Idea of a University", read "The Grammar of Assent", read his sermons—read all of him. In all, is found the master workman of perfect prose. By the way, "The Present Position of Catholics" would make opportune study for us. Newman was dogmatic in a romantic age. Like all the romanticists, he used Nature for his purposes as they did. For Newman, however, nature was a



parable, a notation of the visible things of the world to point symbolically to the invisible things of God.

Perhaps the real delight in reading Newman lies in the reader's mental acquiescence to the essayist's complete straightforwardness. The accuracy with which he weighed his thought is equalled only by the accuracy with which he weighed the word that was to convey that thought sincerely. His every word was genuine coin of the realm of Truth. This meticulous workmanship was employed upon his periods, his clauses, his phrases, his single word. They sprang full-armed for action from his Jove-like mind. His shortest utterance was and is of great value. Far from the madding crowd feverishly hastening after "art for art's sake," was the mode of Newman's utterances. He endures, like the rock; they, the "arty" ones, have piped their little tune and, for the most part, the piper and tune have been forgotten. Like Keats, Newman loved words like a lover, but with this difference; he loved their intrinsic worth, their essential meaning, their power to convey the truth of Truth through his instrumentality to other minds. Someone has spoken of his "Shakespearean concision of phrase," his "limpid grace and suavity". This criticism is evidently felt by all who read Newman.

Fifty years have passed since the great Newman voice was stilled, and the limpid Newman pen was laid aside. These fifty years of personal silence have but intensified the quality of the mind that produced the words, that wrote his findings. There is never a time when the world will not need giants of intellect with illuminating and persuasive powers to enlighten and to convince the race of man that God's in His heaven. Newman and the philosophy of the Truth of which he was an able exponent were accepted by some of the finest of



his contemporaries; today, whole groups have arisen to call him blessed, and to follow his light shining through darkness. Today, in the midst of a cataclysmic disorder, Newman's doctrine—Christ's doctrine—still will prove the lever to lift men from the depths to the heights—to where "beyond these voices there is peace." Newman was a great Christian, a knower and doer of the word. He worked into all he wrote this principle of Christianity until it became the very fabric of his style. Many men have been great writers for very many reasons; Newman was a great writer because he was a great Catholic!

Newman, you yet are living at this hour,  
Your spirit is abroad in all the world.  
Let us, all eagle-eyed, find through your power  
To gaze on Sun of Justice, Light unfurled.

## INVITATION

*Joan Silversen, '42*

My fledgling hopes wing through the night  
And tremble on your breast;  
Soon wrapped in quiet reverie,  
They drift into a tranquil rest.

O fear-bound soul;  
From such Lilliputian threads be free.  
Then with the freedom of your heart  
Assent to love's captivity.

# PATTERNS

*Mary R. Murphy, '41*

Oh, April is a lovely month,  
A month of sun and showers;  
And June it is a cheerful month  
Adorned and decked with flowers.  
November's marked a chilly time,  
So frigid, cold and bare,  
But Nature's call is heard the same  
Though flowers in bloom are rare.

Ah! but the trees look lovely now,  
All bare against the sky,  
And sharp winds shrill so joyous, though  
They make the stripped trees cry.  
The flakes gavot in beauty  
When drifts are swirling low;  
How like a scene from fairyland  
When sunsets gleam on snow.

Oh, gentle spring and summer rich  
Make beauty patterns true,  
But so do all the barren months,  
Though leaves and flowers are few.

# DEFORMATION

## A LEGEND

*Gertrude Robbins, '41*

THE precious north light was fleeting over the haze of the purple hills beyond, making the studio too gloomy for work. The artist laid away his palette, put his brushes in turpentine, threw the cover over his canvas. He lit the kerosene lamp and his pipe also, and picking up a book from the small table, sat down with it in his hand. But he was too restless to read.

After a few moments, he rose and pulled aside the cover of the canvas. Intently he studied the unfinished painting and the figures of the four men. He peered anxiously into the face of each of these. At length, he covered it once more, put on his topcoat and wandered aimlessly down the street.

While he strolled along, enjoying the balmy autumn air, he peered nearsightedly into the faces of the passers-by. Once, he stared at the face of one young fellow and stopped him with a gesture—

“Look here, my good fellow”. . . . As the young man turned his head toward him, the artist strode off muttering.

Louis Martin stopped finally at a cafe in the Rue du Chien. Seating himself, he called, “Garçon, apportez-moi un apéritif.” When it arrived, he slowly sipped, in deep thought.

Having paid his check, he walked up the street approaching Emile’s, where he entered and enjoyed a light supper. Then he returned home, read for a short time and went to bed.



In the morning, he was awakened by a loud and continued knocking at his door, and called, "Entrez." There appeared in the opening of the door a man years older than the artist.

"Well, it is certainly you who are good to yourself. *Il a dix heures* already and you are yet asleep."

"Good morning, Martin. I am celebrating my last day in Paris by sleeping it away. I notice now that I am about to leave you that your English is as bad as it was when I came. Perhaps, someday, I shall return to Paris and make a real Englishman out of you."

"But, my friend," replied Martin, "you have not told me that you would leave. If you had said it, we will have made merry last night."

"I did not know until last night that I would leave today. I have become restless and must finish it," with a gesture at the shrouded canvas. "I have searched Paris for the expression of John, and, although I have found Matthew and Thomas here, there is nothing more for me here. I must be on my way, for I have work to do."

"But where will you go now?"

"I think that I shall go to Switzerland. I like the Alps in winter and there are not very many distractions from my work there. I have the intention of finishing this painting within the year."

The two breakfasted at the coffee shop in the basement of the studio apartment, then went upstairs to pack the artist's belongings.

With regret, the older man parted with his friend at the train. Soon the artist, forgetting Paris, was engrossed in the faces of the people around him. Occasionally he stretched his legs, when the train stopped at country-side stations. He purchased a thick sandwich of dark bread and cheese

which he washed down with great thirsty swallows of goat's milk. Aloof from the other passengers, because they seemed a stupid, noisy lot, he finally made a pillow of his coat, placed it beneath his head, relaxed, and finally slept. Aroused by shouting, he saw the White Alps of his destination towering above him.

Two months later, Louis again surveyed his canvas, half-discouraged. Before replacing the cover, he regarded his representations of Matthew, Thomas, Philip and Bartholomew, Thaddeus and Simon. Two of these, the artist painted before leaving England, two in Paris, and the last two in the months here in the Alps. Each of the figures is as real as life, and the effect of true character portrayal has been well worth his search for a living model for each one.

All of these had been comparatively easy to find. Not like the ordinary run of men, yet they were not so rare that finding them troubled the artist. Although he had yet to paint James, Peter, Andrew and James, the son of Alphaeus, his constant search was for the gentle face of John, and the other extreme, Judas.

One day, confined to his bed with a severe winter cold, the artist was awakened by his landlady's son, sent to inquire for the guest's health. In his fevered condition, the artist for a moment thought that he beheld an apparition of St. John. On the young lad's face was the same look of tenderness and compassion for which Louis Martin had vainly searched for months.

"Ah, thank God, at last I have it. Your expression! Don't move."

The boy stared at him in wonder, convinced that the strange artist had lost his mind or was delirious. After a few

moments, his enthusiasm was lulled, and the man told of his lengthy pilgrimage.

"For years, lad, I have traveled over the face of the world, in search of the expression just on your face. I have encountered every type of man, and succeeded in finding models for six of the twelve who were present at the Last Supper. Four of the others, I shall be able to paint from a composite memory of many fine faces. But John and Judas are so important that they must be absolutely perfect, and I have strong and clear ideas of their appearance. Since both were Apostles and both were Jews, they must not look radically different; yet there must be an essential difference in the play of facial expression. Judas is not a hardened criminal, but a man, like John in his training and friends, but who has betrayed his Master to satisfy his greed. The eyes of John must be soft and gentle with love; the eyes of the other cold and crafty with greed."

The young Swiss boy stared vaguely at the foreign gentleman, bewildered by his talk, and edged slowly towards the door.

"Wait, lad", Louis spoke again. "Oh, you may not understand all this, but to me it is all-important. I have dedicated my life to the perfection of this picture," and throwing back the cloth, he exposed the canvas to the boy's curious gaze.

In the ardor of his spirit, the artist rose quickly, forgetting his illness, so that he might begin the painting. He seemed to fear that if the lad left him, his facial expression might undergo some drastic change.

"A little to the right. Good heavens, boy, a little to the right, I said. Turn, turn, turn your head, I mean. Not your whole body. Open your eyes . . . wider, wider . . . but now



you are losing that expression . . . love, pity, tenderness. It must be all here on the canvas. How can I paint it, if you will not give it to me?"

The boy listened, and obeyed patiently for many days, held by the thought of the fine sum which this strange man was giving him for sitting still. Finished finally, the boy saw nothing impressive; the artist was wild with joy and satisfaction.

Then Louis Martin left the Swiss town, and again began his patient searching. In another town, he found James and Andrew and in a very short time, finished them to his satisfaction. In Germany, he heard, there was a criminal with a marked resemblance to Judas—he must go and see. On the way, in Italy, he sketched his Thaddeus, then hurried to the German prison. No official difficulty could prevent him from his life's desire. Soon, accompanied by a guard, the criminal was posing for the artist.

The beautiful air and sky, the perfect light, almost at the realization of his goal, the artist hummed cheerfully as he worked. Stepping back suddenly, he studied carefully the face of the man before him. Suddenly, he threw his brush to the floor with an ejaculation.

"Can't you keep your shifty eyes still for a moment? Your eyes should be cast down. You are utterly dejected—you realize now that you have betrayed your Lord and Master. Stop looking around—can't you try, man?"

But the convict was ignorant of English, and Louis knew no German, and again failure stared at the artist. Beckoning the Guard, Louis dismissed the pair, and began his journeys once more.

Hope, encouragement, delight—then despair again. He searched the carefree faces at Cannes, but there he found

only weakness. He watched the Rumanian miners at their work, but there was about them an air of dogged ignorance. He scoured the prisons, the factories; he talked with bobbies, with gendarmes, with cabbies, with engineers; all over the continent, he continued to look. None had the combination of treachery, deceit, intelligence, and despair which he sought in their faces.

\* \* \* \*

The stooped old man with long delicate fingers and bright blue eyes climbed the winding street of a Swiss resort town, Louis Martin has passed through his youth, but he still searched for his Judas. This town was neighboring to that in which, years ago, he had been overjoyed to find his John. The canvas has still but twelve figures, the Lord and eleven of the apostles, but Judas, where might he be found? Many paintings had been sold by Louis Martin since he began this one, his fame had spread in many countries, but he had never abandoned his idea of the perfection of the Last Supper.

Suddenly, he heard behind him the shouts of an enraged crowd and turning, beheld a man being dragged down the street by two officials, followed by the noisy group.

Quickly, Louis grasped a small boy cavorting on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Here, boy, what's all this racket? Who is this man? Where are they taking him?"

"Oh, sir," gasped the boy in his eager delight at being asked to explain, "he is to be executed . . . he . . . he killed a man. He robbed him of his money . . . he shot him. So he's to be executed, sir."

Louis moved slowly, closer through the crowd. The face of the criminal—treachery, deceit, regret; Louis looked with

growing elation; the combination? Yes. The man's face showed despair and intelligence as well.

"When is it to be?" asked Louis, grasping the nearest official, and at his glance of wonder, "the execution, I mean. When?"

"Please move along," replied the official. "We are taking him now to be executed, and do not wish to be delayed."

"But you must not! I must have his picture—even a photograph. I must have it, I must." But the official moved on relentlessly.

Wildly, Louis practically raced down the hill to the nearest store, where to his surprise, he was able to purchase not only a camera, but film as well. Then he fairly flew to overtake the grim entourage. When he repeated his request for two photographs, and emphasized his need by the display of amounts of Swiss currency, the guards weakened, and halted the procession.

As Louis arranged the criminal in the poses which he desired, he tried to explain to the man concerning his picture.

"It was here in Switzerland that I found my Saint John, many years ago. Since then, I have traveled far and wide, painting other things, but always with thoughts of my Last Supper. My prevalent idea was to find the perfect living Judas Iscariot, a man with a facial expression like yours. I have traveled a long hard road to find you. . . ."

A low voice echoed him, "A long hard road, I too have traveled. I was your Saint John."



# AUTUMN BARBECUE

*Madeleine Mercier, '42*

Joyfully shouting we topped the hill,  
With glad cries we were greeted.  
The sun shone on this festive scene;  
Around the fire we were seated.

We revelled in this clear and brilliant day.  
Soon on Autumn winds was borne  
The pleasing scent of broiling steak  
And slowly roasting corn.

In trilling tones we gaily sang  
Around the laden board,  
All flashily decked with Autumn leaves,  
A scarlet colored hoard.

October with its bright blue sky,  
Pure air, and radiant hues,  
Is surely the best and liveliest month  
For Autumn barbecues.

# IF, THROUGH MY FOLLY

*Dorothy Gannon, '42*

“**T**HIRTY-SIX, thirty-seven, thirty-eight. Thirty-eight dollars! It isn't enough; it isn't half enough. I can't even pay the rent out of this, and Donnie needing new shoes so badly. Oh dear, what shall I do? Donnie!” An unusually sharp note had crept into Sheila's soft voice, rousing immediately the drowsy little boy at her feet.

“Yes'm?”

“Come here, dear. Let's have another look at those shoes. I'm afraid it's no use, they're worn right through.”

“I c'n stick paper in them again, Moms.” Sticking paper in shoes was a novelty which still held much charm for Donnie.

Sheila looked at the boy quickly. “Why,” she thought, “He actually enjoys this. He doesn't seem to miss the comforts, the house, even. . . .” Her train of thought was interrupted by a hacking cough.

“Oh dear! Maureen?” she called, “Come in here this instant. How many times must I tell you to study where it's warm. You know there's no heat in the dining room.” Again the new note of voice sharpness, she was beginning to sound like a fish wife.

“Maureen darling”, she said, softening at sight of the cross-looking fourteen year old. “Your eyes are red and swollen from reading so steadily. Can't you postpone the rest of your lessons?”

“I haven't been studying at all, yet,” was the low answer. “I'm just going to start.”

"Then, what were you doing this last hour?" asked Sheila.

This time Maureen's answer was very, very low. "I was looking at the pictures Daddy drew for me last year."

Sheila felt the blood rushing to her face. "Why shouldn't the child look at Jim's pictures? But why should she mention it so reluctantly? Have I made them feel that they can't speak of him to me? Dear Lord, what a terrible position."

Another hacking cough. That child must see a doctor before her cold developed into something serious.

"I'm going to keep you home from school tomorrow, Maureen, to take you to a doctor, so never mind the rest of your studies tonight."

"Mother", Maureen's voice was almost shrill, "I can't stay out of school. We're having tests."

Sheila was visibly annoyed. She couldn't understand this stubborn determination of Maureen's to do things perfectly. Not to be first in class would be almost a death-blow to the youngster.

"She's so much like Jim in this," thought Sheila, "Jim would know what to say to her, how to make her actually want to see the doctor, while I must simply stand on authority and say 'you must'."

"I'm sorry, Maureen," she said aloud, "but you must stay from school to go to the doctor tomorrow." That hateful word "must".

"I won't!" The girl's face tightened and whitened as the rebellious words rushed out.

Sheila couldn't believe she heard correctly. Maureen, the sweet, the lovable, saying, "I won't". What should she do? Dear Lord, what did one do?

"Nothing," she told herself. "Not while I'm as upset as this."



Quietly she spoke, "Go to bed, Maureen. We'll discuss this in the morning."

Defiantly the girl stamped upstairs, went into the bedroom, and slammed the door.

Donnie, who had been watching the scene in round-eyed wonder, now spoke for the first time.

"I guess," he said confidentially, "She's off'n a toot."

"Why, Donnie, where did you get such an expression?"

"Well, sometimes when you don't talk'n fool with us as much as usual, Daddy laughs'n says you're off'n a toot."

In spite of herself, Sheila smiled. "I guess perhaps Daddy is right. Maureen is off'n a toot. Come now, young man, it's past your bedtime."

Tucking the boy in, Sheila was surprised to find two hard young arms thrown around her neck with unusual fervor.

"Moms," Donnie whispered, "Please don't get that sad look in your eyes tonight. Why doncha laugh'n fool with us anymore at night?"

Quick tears sprang into Sheila's eyes. "Why indeed," she murmured. For the first time, she admitted to herself that most of the fun of the evening tussle had gone with Jim.

"I'm tired tonight, Donnie," she told the boy gently. "I'll have a 'free-for-all' with you in the morning. Now go to sleep . . . goodnight."

"Night, Moms". Donnie, his troubled query answered satisfactorily was asleep.

"If only I could sleep as untroubled, as peacefully as that!"

Going down the hall, she tried Maureen's door. It was locked. From within, came the scratching of a pen. Maureen, contrary to orders, was studying.

"Now what to do?" sighed Sheila. "Shall I forcibly make

her go to bed and obey me, or shall I ignore it for now? Oh dear, I'm so worried about everything, I can't have another 'battle royal' tonight. I'll wait until morning."

The clock in Sheila's room struck eight. "I might as well undress. But I know I won't be able to sleep."

Physically tired, mentally confused, she lay, wide-awake. "Thirty-eight dollars . . . that's every cent. I can't possibly raise any more. Was I right in not taking money from Jim? Not for myself, of course, but for the children? Three months ago I left him, and already I've run out of money. Maureen has a terrible cough, Donnie has no shoes, the rent, the gas, electric and dentist bills must be paid—all on thirty-eight dollars! I can't do it! And on top of this, Maureen has gotten out of hand. I can, of course, force my authority upon her, but that's not my idea of discipline, nor Jim's either. He has always been so sure and right in handling Maureen. Was I right to take her away from him when she most needs him?"

"What shall I do, what shall I do?" she asked, trying half-heartedly to still that little voice inside her that kept prompting "go back to Jim".

Suddenly, Sheila sat bolt upright in bed.

"Why am I trying to fool myself?" she asked. "Why do I keep making excuses that it's the bills, the rent, Maureen who needs Jim, when it's really I who need him?"

She knew, suddenly, without a doubt, that Mrs. Prentiss had been no more to Jim than was any other client. She had known it all along. This belief and trust had always been hers. They but waited her stubborn pride to acknowledge this truth. Laughing shakily, Sheila put on the light and looked at the clock. Quarter of nine. Jim would surely be at home. Quietly she went down stairs, picked up the re-

ceiver, and dialed a very familiar number. A dearly familiar voice answered:

"Hello."

What had happened to Sheila's voice? She could only whisper weakly, "Jim."

"Sheila!" His shout sent the blood pounding in her ears. "Where are you?"

"I'm here, Jim, here in this stupid little house on Winter Street. Oh, Jim . . . Donnie . . . that is, Maureen. . . . Oh, Jim, dear, I want you so much!"

## INDIAN SUMMER

*Marion McCarthy, '42*

You left me when the Summer's breath  
    No more caressed the ardent leaf.  
When Autumn's chill came, bearing death  
    My heart alike was cold in grief.  
As Indian Summer spread its fire  
    And dying woods grew warm again,  
So stirred the ash of my desire;  
    My love anew burst into flame.



# DISENCHANTMENT

*Mary R. Murphy, '41*

I trust. Secure I stand  
Atop a hill, with light  
On golden fields below. . . .  
You break my faith; still firm  
I stand upon my hill.  
Comes blinding rain so swift  
To blot my sight and strike  
Me crushed. What fashions fate  
More harsh than broken beauty?

# REQUIEM

*Claire Dacey, '42*

Today they sail; too long they've tarried.  
Snarling sea unheeding  
They'll brave the untamed wintry blasts,  
Though loved ones are pleading.

Storm clouds black warn them to wait,  
Gulls shriek catastrophe,  
Wind and wave would ruin them,  
Yet they put out to sea.

The wailing winds are hushed now,  
And gently move the waves.  
Only the wild gull's shrill-cut cry  
Is dirge above their graves.

# CAREER

*Helen Shea, '42*

JANE HARTWELL unpacked her clothes slowly and hung them in the small closet of her room. Here she was in New York.

Tomorrow would witness the beginning of a new life for her. Tomorrow at nine o'clock, she would walk into the office of Caroline Bailey, Beauty Editor of *The Woman's Friend*. She, Jane Hartwell, would sit down at the mahogany desk at the entrance of the office and take up her duties as Caroline's secretary.

Caroline was beautiful. Caroline, too, had known struggle, a struggle to make a living for herself and a small son, when she was left a widow at nineteen.

"She's different from most women," mused Jane. "She wears clothes like other women's, or rather they wear clothes like hers. She's feminine as far as her appearance and mannerisms go. But, fundamentally she's more masculine than feminine—no pettiness, no gossip. They say that she's a little hard, and yet why shouldn't she be after all she's been through?"

During the days that followed, Jane found that Caroline was decidedly hard. Behind that smooth white forehead was a brain as keen and calculating as any man's.

The first time that hardness had touched Jane herself was stamped indelibly in her memory. It seemed to Jane that it was a turning point in her life. She had stayed overtime to finish some letters that had to be mailed early in the morning. As she was getting ready to go home, Caroline, frankly



watching her pull on the shapeless old felt that she had always worn, said slowly,

"Why don't you get some clothes, Jane? You may not be making the largest salary in New York, but at least you're making enough so that you don't have to go around looking like somebody's old maid aunt. If you ever want to get anywhere, you're going to have to 'spruce up' as we used to say back in good old Sherwood."

Quick tears stung Jane's eyes. "Still a kid at heart," she thought, panic stricken that Caroline might see them. But she replied flippantly, "O. K., Caroline, if you say so."

From that time on, a quarter of Jane's weekly salary was put into the clothes fund. Caroline herself was her fashion model. Caroline didn't believe in little bargains for ten-ninety-five. She bought expensive clothes. She believed that smartness and simplicity walked hand in hand. Jane became a firm believer in this creed.

At first Caroline's influence on Jane was concerned only with clothing. But as time went on, it concerned itself with other things; Jane's opinions on politics, on marriage, on life in general. Most of all, Caroline fired Jane with ambition.

"Caroline's had a hard time," Jane wrote to her aunt in one of her infrequent letters back home. "Happiness didn't come to her on a silver platter. She had to go out and fight for it. What if she is a trifle ruthless? One has to be these days to get anywhere."

Intoxicated by the thought of Caroline's success, Jane worked to imitate it. No task was too small, no assignment too difficult. Soon Jane was Caroline's assistant, with a secretary of her own.

Life was wonderful—days of hard work and nights of gaiety, gaiety that Jane had never known before. It was

thrilling to go home from the office to her own newly-acquired apartment, to bathe, and dress for an evening of undiluted pleasure. It was stimulating to have others admire her clothes, to feel no longer that agonizing hurt that she had experienced in college, when others, with far less ability, had laughed at her clothes.

Then there was Ted. Jane had been seated next to him at an elaborate, rather boring, dinner given by the wife of one of the editors of *The Woman's Friend*. Ted was fun too. Of course, he didn't make very much money; he couldn't take her to the places that other men did. But he was fun, you know, and reliable.

Ted wanted Jane to marry him. She would have to give up her job, of course. After all, argued Ted, you can't raise a family and hold down a job as well. But Jane, in spite of her growing love for him, just nodded miserably.

"It isn't that I don't love him," she confided to Caroline the next day. "But I can't give all this up to settle down in a three room flat. I've never had any fun, Caroline. All my life I've worked hard. High school wasn't too bad, for most of the girls were like myself. But college was horrible. I hadn't the clothes to go to dances. I never even had time for social affairs, and it's now I'm beginning to realize what I've missed."

"Am I selfish, Caroline, am I selfish to want these things now that I can have them? Will I be sorry that I didn't marry Ted, because he won't wait forever, you know?"

Caroline would soothe her. "Don't be ridiculous, Chick. Tell Ted to find some nice little girl pounding a typewriter for a living, who'd just adore settling down with him and doting on his every word. You're too good for Ted, Janie. You've got brains, and you're going to go places."

On her way back to the apartment that night, Jane convinced herself that Caroline was right. Her own life was a proof of it. Caroline was happy and successful. Single blessedness just about described it. She owned her own home; she was free to come and go as she wished. That's the way Jane wanted to live. She'd tell Ted tonight.

But somehow or other, she couldn't. It was Ted's birthday and he was so pleased with the pigskin wallet she had bought him, and they had had such a good time, that she couldn't gather enough courage to tell him.

"What a coward I am," Jane accused herself bitterly the next morning, opening the door to her office. Caroline would have—but there *was* Caroline, Caroline with her head in her arms, weeping softly.

"Why, Caroline, whatever is the matter?" asked Jane. "I thought I'd be the first one here and . . ."

"Jane, I'm sorry you've found me like this. It's just that my sister Etta brought Tommy to New York to spend the week, and things are so strained. It's Aunt Etta this, and Aunt Etta that. Etta tries to get him to be friendly to me and he wants to please her, but it's no use. She's more of a mother to him than I am. I'm just a stranger. And, Jane, I'm sick of the whole thing. This job that I worked so hard to get, and I thought would be such a satisfaction, the clothes, the people—I'm sick of it all. I don't know why I came to New York in the first place. Tom left plenty of money. There was no need of my working. A career indeed!"

"You can't be tired of it," thought Jane wildly, "you who have seen it all. What about me? You're my model."

But to Caroline she said, "You know what you're going to do. You're going to give up your job and go back with Tommy. He's young yet. There's still time to make him



remember that you are his mother, to make him remember so well that he can never forget. You're going to make a real home for him and Etta. And, oh yes. . . ."

"Caroline," she continued in a new tone, "yours won't be the only job the *Friend* will have to fill again, because I'm leaving too. You know I've been in love with Ted, well practically since I met him, and deep in my heart, I've never felt that the sort of success you've had could ever bring any real happiness to me. I'm seeing Ted tonight."

## EXPLORER

*Dorothy Gannon, '42*

Each artist has bestowed on love  
His symbol interpretation;  
And each one feels that his alone  
Proclaims love's deep notation.

Which one is right, worth our belief?  
Can that be definitely known?  
Weary, I cast them all aside  
And shrug. I'll find my own.

# STRATEGY

*Kathleen Davis, '42*

“HELLO, Mother,” chirped Jane Woods, a cute sixteen year old.

“Home from school so soon, dear? I didn’t expect you until another hour.”

“Well, we got out early today, the class is making plans for our Junior Dance.”

“But why didn’t you stay?”

“Oh, Mother, it seems that the other girls have invited the nicest boys in the class, and the only ones left are those that can’t dance a step, so what was the use of staying there—and I did so want to go too. It’s to be our first formal, and I’ll have to miss it.”

“Why, Jane, how you talk, the town is just full of lovely boys. Now you run along and don’t worry your silly head. Tomorrow we’ll go shopping, and in the meantime you can be looking over the town’s eligible list. Run out in the kitchen now and get yourself something to eat.”

Arrangements of plans was easier than the accomplishment. Days passed and still Jane had not found the “right” boy. Finally, Mrs. Woods decided to take things into her own hands, and to coax destiny her way.

After Jane had left for school the next morning, Mother Woods started her campaign. She picked up the receiver, and began her phone work. Nellie Driscoll had a handsome son; she’d call her first.

“Hello, Nellie, this is Mae. Oh, I’m just fine. By the way, how is your son Harold getting along? What? Oh! You’re

going to meet him down town because some nice young girl has invited him to the Junior Dance. How lovely! Well, goodbye, Nellie."

"That's only one," softly cooed Mrs. Woods, "and anyway Harold is rather sissified; he would never suit my Jane."

"Now for Lil Carey."

"Morning, Lil. Mae speaking. I haven't seen you around lately. What? Joe has the measles and your whole family is quarantined? That's too bad, I'm sorry. Ring me up as soon as your isolation is ended. Good-by, dear."

"Joe was always a rather sickly looking individual, and my Jane is such a healthy-looking girl." . . . "Now let's see, who else is there? Oh, I know, Ruth Bennett."

"Hi, Ruth", echoed the telephone. "This is Mae Woods. Why what's the matter, you don't sound very cheerful? Oh, you're lonesome because Michael left yesterday for military school. I know just how you feel, dear, but cheer up, he'll be back in ten months. See you later."

So the phone calls rang on during the morning; Mrs. Woods called Helen Harty, Marie Golden, Kay Dunn. All had excuses that let Mrs. Woods out and her little plan with her. Their sons were going to the dance with some other girl; they were having their appendices removed, or had broken legs. You'd never think boys were so scarce until you had need of one. Why, the town just seemed to be seething with boys, or so it seemed until this morning.

"I have my heart set on the plan for Jane to go to that dance, and I won't have a moment's rest until she has found someone eligible to escort her," soliloquized Mrs. Woods with fine determination.

Days passed. A sad Jane came home every night from school with news about the other girls and their boy friends.



"What's the matter with me that I can't find a boy to go to the dance with me?" she asked in her bewilderment.

"Now, don't worry so," soothed her mother. "You'll go to that dance, if I have to take you there myself."

A brilliant idea suddenly came to Mae Woods. The Classified Ads—the help wanted sections—people used them for everything. Why couldn't she advertise for a boy for Jane? There were plenty of persons who were looking for a job these days.

In the *Daily Courier* next morning appeared this ad:

"WANTED—a young man, of any size or description; does not have to be handsome, but must be able to dance. Any one interested, please call at 42 Channing Road before October 15th. Substantial recompense assured."

Two days passed, and still there was no answer to the advertisement. It was only a few days before the big event. Despair gripped Mrs. Woods. On the night before the dance, there was still no reply. Jane and her mother were pictures of gloom as they sat disconsolately looking into the fire. Their sad abstraction was broken in upon by the ringing of the front door bell.

Mother ran to answer it, followed by her unhappy daughter. Lo and behold, there in the doorway stood a very handsome young man. None other than Don Lestor, the hometown boy who had made good in the movies! But what was he doing here?

Soon he spoke, "This is 42 Channing Road, isn't it? Well, I came in answer to your ad."

"But," stammered Mrs. Woods, "You don't want to go to a high school dance, do you?"

“Oh, but I do. I came home to have a good old-fashioned time, and that’s exactly what I’m going to do. I’d love to be able to act naturally just once more. So, do you think I’ll be a fit escort for your daughter?”

## CINEMA

*Marjorie M. Riley, '42*

Fleecy clouds like cotton batting  
Making an intricate pattern;  
Nature’s “movies” now unreeling,  
To a dreamer’s eyes revealing;  
Fancy fits the film for you—  
Now tiny figures come to view;  
Soft woolly lambs, quite snowy white,  
Here frisk about in gay delight.  
Deafening applause; a thunderous roar,  
Flashes of light—there is no more.  
Figures scatter, the show is through;  
Curtains of rain obscure the view.

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*In loving memory of Sister Aloysius Cecilia, S.N.D., who died on October the eighteenth. For years at Emmanuel College, she discoursed "linked music long drawn out". These strains have echoed in our halls and in our hearts. R.I.P.*

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## In Memoriam

The candle of her life has burned  
Itself in ardent love away,  
And Death has closed her earthly day,  
Her soul to God she has returned.

Attuned to strains of music blest,  
Her ordered hours in beauty blent  
With soulful tones from organ sent;  
The music's mute, the player's at rest.

Dear little Sister safe with God  
Whose poising palms have shaped your hours,  
By music's gift—a power of powers,  
In harmony you've praised the Lord.

May you now rest in quiet peace.  
Be yours, whom we have loved so well,  
Be yours the bliss tongue cannot tell,  
Where joys abound and sorrows cease.



## EDITORIALS

During this hectic, trying period of our generation, many depressing calamities have befallen the world. None has been more revolutionizing than the consuming flame of the swift conflagration in Europe. We in this hemisphere increase in pity and sympathy for the beleaguered peoples across the ocean; we collect our surplus to aid them in their distress; we praise their courage in the face of overwhelming odds, and universally despise the force opposing them. But, in this tragic situation, are we not too complacent, too sanguine, or too indifferent? We express sympathetic encouragement and offer aid, but does this upheaval affect us very deeply? We regard it in the abstract, not in its very real and vital connection with our own times. In this lies our error.

We fail to see that the world culture which we know is crumbling at our feet. Whatever the outcome of the Titanic struggle in Europe, our lives will be affected by it; whoever stands victor, the victory will not leave us untouched.

Since our scheme of living must inevitably change, since we see the metamorphosis approaching, we should prepare ourselves for the fact. Therefore, it would be wisdom for us to live our present lives to the full, to accomplish all possibilities, so that, if and when the shattering of our methods of living has occurred, and the reconstruction period has commenced, we may realize that we have not wasted the last few moments of our dying civilization.

Many of those who are aware of this crisis that lurks in the dark have been misguided by the depressing outlook, and have already overthrown the none-too-binding morality of our period before chaos comes. Their attitude is indeed one of "carpe diem", but, instead of snatching the time remaining for worthwhile pursuits, they reason that such will be of little value in the years ahead, and abandon themselves to abnormal actions, in this abnormal time.

Such reasoning may very well lead astray one of weak will and shifting moral code, but we, infused with the spirit of high Christian principles, must live the years of maturity and old age, maintaining our ideals, regardless of the pain or suffering of complete change of customs, economically, morally, and politically. The future will not be unbearable, for we are adaptable creatures, fashioned for change. Let us have

nothing to do with pessimism and despair; let us live our lives happily and completely, not unconscious of impending evil, but calmly, intelligently, prepared for the worst.

In other ages, among other races, in other countries, whole systems of civilization have been destroyed. Yet life went on. We, with our knowledge of world history, are more experienced to accept suffering, and more secure in our knowledge that, even though the world, our world, ends, and our lives are ruined, we still shall have a grace-aided future before us.

*Anna E. Higgins, '41*

### *A Challenge—Its Reply*

*A statement from one of our Massachusetts women's Colleges that evil is best overcome by exposure to evil, has prompted this reply.*

\* \* \*

The spotlight of the Public Eye is being thrown more and more upon the Educational problems of the day. The newspaper controversy concerning the faculty appointment of Bertrand Russell caused much discussion, especially among college students. We, as such, stand firm in our opinion that the appointment was rightly protested.

To judge what is good, a knowledge of evil may be helpful, but negatively helpful. After all, good is positive; evil is the negation of good. But this knowledge of good and evil can hardly be attained by the instruction of prejudiced advocates of evil, as their publicly-spoken doctrines publicly proclaim them. The first encounter of evil came to Eve through the devil, who is "a liar and the father of lies." Evil is abroad in the European conflict today. But an attack that overthrows standards of moral right, is more insidious; the results more deadly. Would a country, think you, train its soldiers in the camp of the enemy? Should a country train its moral soldiers in the camp of evil? Obviously not, for in either situation, the enemy would not teach methods of overcoming that which they champion, else they would defeat their own ends. These pernicious tenets, if followed, would eventually lead to the destruction of the entire moral code.

If we, in our age of enlightenment, throw down and trample under-



foot the true norms governing our moral acts, and accept, in their place, a personal, vacillating, self-indulgent mode of immoral, even unmoral, living, are we not heading straight for disaster? "For if the trumpet gives an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?"

\* \* \*

Emmanuel College has recently suffered the loss of a dear friend and adviser. Sister Superior Agnes Cecilia, through the exigencies of Canon Law, departed from our midst after six years of fruitful labor as President of the College. Not only have we advanced materially in this period, but profitted by the shining example of Sister's beneficent spirit.

We extend a welcome to Sister Superior Theresa Patricia, our new President, and hope that she will find us truly Notre Dame students in deed and in name.

Our College has been in existence since 1919, and in this auspicious year of 1940 the significance of its worth was manifested by the conferring of the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws on our Dean, Sister Helen Madeleine, who has guided the destinies of the College from its beginning. The honor graces the College and Catholic Education in the State likewise. We can express in no more cogent manner the details of her recognition than by quoting from the citation given by the Very Reverend Father William J. Murphy, President of Boston College, when he conferred the degree:

"And today in honoring with the degree of LL.D., honoris causa, Sister Helen Madeleine, S.N.D. of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur, Boston College feels it is but paying a just meed of praise to one of the great educators and intellectual leaders that the Catholic Church is glad to number among her daughters. A careful student, a ripe scholar, a facile author of many books, all instinct with the deepest spirituality and piety, an administrator of recognized and admirable efficiency, she has built up for Emmanuel College over whose educational destinies she has presided for twenty-one years, a reputation for brilliancy and solidity that causes all Catholics, Clergy and laity alike to be proud. These are the titles that lead the Faculty and Trustees of Boston College to honor themselves in inviting and admitting this gifted daughter of Notre Dame to their list of alumnae."

*Gertrude A. Robbins, '41*



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# THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

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"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

*The Winter's Tale, IV, iii*

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## COLLEGIATE PROBLEMS

*The problem of hiding your mental light under a modish bushel:*

Smarter, smoother and more striking than ever before! A tumbled mass of curls, or a neat page-boy, topped by a fireman-red jockey cap. A long corduroy jacket buttoned up the front and repeating the color of the cap—skirt, either plaid and pleated or a plain color, and styled in the new cylindrical silhouette. Knee-length woolen socks; and to complete the "from top to toe" survey, we must mention the brown moccasins, which seem to be gradually replacing our old standby, the classic saddle shoe.

Have you met her, this capricious miss? Have you been astounded to hear her philosophize, discuss art, and argue with the theories of the more difficult authors of the day? I have, and thereby have been moved to admiration of this dual personality: this girl who surveys life in its entirety, and, in her newly-found wisdom, has chosen a full and well-balanced curriculum for her college days. HAIL COLLEGIENNE!

*The problem of roommates:*

Has anyone a roommate that she might lend to me? I am seriously

considering placing an advertisement in the newspaper as follows:

WANTED: One roommate, with a *mild* hobby.

Of course, I'd prefer a girl who knitted in her spare time, for then my only job would be rolling her yarn; but I'd even settle for a stamp-collector, despite the fact that wet stamps would be drying all over the room.

Anything would be easy—after Rhoda.

Last Spring, Rhoda was writing a novel. How very nice, you might say, and not the least bit annoying. But to judge fairly, you'd have to know Rhoda, and her novel. First of all, she owned an infernal machine, known as a typewriter, of a fifty year old make; this monstrosity rumbled and roared at all hours, at all times. Occasionally, I was awakened at 5.30 A.M.; more frequently, I was kept awake until 2.00 A.M. Worst of all, her typing did not produce a steady rumble, but rather, it grunted and jumped in spasms to coincide with her pick-and-peck method of typing.

In addition, during this spell, Rhoda piled high reference books, and spread her typewritten sheets from ceiling to floor. At last, in great impatience, I helped with the typing, to speed along the mammoth task. But then, I was required to sit in absorption while a twanging Maine voice read chapters and chapters, part of which I had typed myself, and knew by heart.

This phase of Rhoda's insatiable activity ended with the summer vacation, when she left to pursue her hobbies of contracting poison ivy and collecting wasp stings and sunburn.

Now my troubles have begun again. Rhoda returned this September with a wild urge to become an interior decorator. With great glee, my roommate has ripped off wallpaper, moved furniture and painted. When I open my door, I never know whether I shall fall over a rolled-up rug or bang into a wobbly ladder. My bureau drawers stuck unexpectedly, where paint was applied without warning; my bed, my chair, my desk seemed endowed with motion; my flatiron hid in waste baskets. But the last straw was the night that I found my bed on end in our huge closet, pinning beneath it my best black shoes.

Rhoda painted the ceiling in streaks and stripes, until the proprietor took over the task of restoring some semblance of order. But was Rhoda

content? Not a chance! She fretted around, suggesting that we paint the floor plaid, and sketch stars on the ceiling. With difficulty, I restrained her, and now this phase too has passed.

My troubles are not yet over, however. Rhoda is now a humanitarian with an insane desire to take care of a near-by baby. The child, a lusty Spanish baby, with sturdy lungs and a vicious temper, is a young imp. At this point, I am dwelling in a hybrid decorator's studio and nursery. Thank goodness the novelist is temporarily obscured, for the baby, the typewriter, and the paint would be too much in combination. Between the howls of the baby and the general disorder even now, I feel myself becoming violent, especially because my reading lamp was taken apart by Rhoda and never restored.

Two courses lie open before me. I shall either move out and become a hermit, or adopt a hobby even more obnoxious than hers. Perhaps target practice in the room, or archery, might do the trick. By accident, I might hit Rhoda!

### *The problem of attaining academic distinction:*

The ETHOS must, as everyone else has, congratulate the Seniors on their newest attainment, the coveted Cap and Gown. By now, they are an integral part of the school. Sophomores and Juniors once more feel that school is back to normal, and the Freshmen no longer stare after each retreating Senior.

The desires, hopes, and fulfillments of college became concretized in the symbolical Academic robes. Was it not worth four years of frenzied studying and fun, exams and dances, quizzes and plays, to be eyed with such respect and admiration by the underclassmen? Was not this possession of the material goal of college life worth the effort?

The Freshmen feel that Seniors are born, not made. The Sophomores shine in the reflected glory of their sister class. The Juniors see a door opening quietly and surely before them. They peer down a long, twisting corridor, lined with Anglo-Saxon mottoes, Biology quiz sheets, Mathematical impossibilities. Softly through the hush is heard the murmur of "A Toccata of Gallupi". All challenge the Juniors to forge ahead, to conquer each in its turn, to travel with increased knowledge towards the end of the corridor. Here, shining under the glare of a single spotlight, may be seen a cap and gown, waiting for its owner.



So, Juniors, make certain that the cap fits, then wear it with all the dignity of your predecessors.

*The problem of timely transportation:*

There are parked on our Campus many automobiles which deserve to have tongues, so that they might give to the world their rich store of anecdotes. Being one of a crowd that rides to school every day, I can appreciate the strange happenings of other "car crowds".

If the girl who walks into class *very* late, and offers the excuse that the "car broke down", could only relate in full the incidents accompanying the breakdown, the professor would not glare at the "lame excuse".

There are days when all goes well, the respective passengers arrive unruffled and on time; and there are days when the car coughs, wheezes, draws its last breath and dies in the midst of heavy traffic for lack of liquid nourishment. Such a day is always the one that everyone planned on borrowing money from one of the other passengers, who is also BROKE.

Then we must travel from station to station in search of credit, and finally sign away our lives for a gallon.

All is once more merry; we shall not be noticeably late, after all. But the nail just grew out of the road. Swerving to the right to avoid the flat which we always get anyhow, the car snuggles up to the fender of another vehicle. Drivers talk, licenses are shown, numbers are noted, and our first class is half over.

Of course, it is understood that, through all this hectic period, we are nowhere near a carline. As a matter of fact, we are probably in the only place in the state of Massachusetts without a carline.

Finally, the tire is changed, and once again we attempt to further our Education. This time we make it without minor tragedies, but only because there are no more accidents in the book. We pull into the driveway with a flourish, jump out and settle our faces into their "late for class" expression, and dart into the gym. There we see our classmates dancing blissfully to the music of the Nickelodeon. Gleefully we learn that the Professor had a slight automobile accident and was unable to make the 9 o'clock class.

## *Odd Items From Everywhere*

Recent newspapers report that Mahatma Ghandi's chief disciple made a five year vow of silence. In order to keep it, this determined man, Bhansali, actually sewed together his lips with a copper wire. . . .

Five years of silence! Strange happenings in India. . . .

We hear that each Emmanuel girl decided to practice the virtue of vocal restraint, to lower her voice in excitement, to guard her impulse for unnecessary remarks. These determined young ladies needed no copper wire, instead they mentally seamed their lips, and peace and quiet reigned.

Five minutes of silence! Strange happenings at Emmanuel. . . .

\* \* \*

Age is no obstacle to innovations. Mrs. Harriman, the United States minister to Norway, is now over seventy years of age, at a time of life at which we expect inactivity. Yet, Mrs. Harriman, with the brittleness of her years against her, adopted skiing as her pastime at seventy.

None of us are seventy yet, but some of us seem to forget that reassuring fact. Many of us are brittle, unyielding and settled, resentful of or indifferent to new ideas or new fields of endeavor. We would do well to follow Mrs. Harriman, but not necessarily on skis. If we are ignorant of music, art or politics, we should make a note to give such items the opportunity, at least, of interesting us. We could expose ourselves to their attractions. Don't be a grandmother mentally. Take out your skis and really begin to get the most out of life.

\* \* \*

The glamour of Autumn for us collegiennes is nearly over. Snowstorms coming, winter winds, entirely naked trees, the rapidly falling temperature, circumstantial evidence seems to indicate that a sad occurrence is about to take place. It is nearly the close of the *FOOTBALL SEASON*. For another year, we must tuck away thoughts of the cool, brisk Saturday afternoons in a crowded stadium, of the colorful stirring bands, the untiring cheerleaders, the excited students and enthusiastic alumni. No more chrysanthemums and banners, no more touchdowns, no more football dances, no more wonderful, wonderful Saturdays, when *our* team played circles and first downs all around the invader! But you

can remember it all! Vicarious experience! Why can't girls' colleges have football games? But we're happy, nevertheless, for those Saturdays were fun, and we did understand the plays.

## *A Melody*

I stood alone, caught in a net of beauty. The moon like a bulbous candle suspended itself in a shadowy halo. Tiny luminous stars like newly chipped diamonds, mottled the chameleonic blue of the sky. Intermittently the screech of a startled bird or animal was heard. All around me, in decaying earth, breathtakingly beautiful orchids were growing in profusion.

Then of a sudden supreme darkness reigned. It seemed as though someone had taken a gigantic broom and in a single magnificent gesture had swept clear the star-studded sky. The moon took on a pale, creamy hue and cast off ethereal beams, only to have them swallowed in the black void.

Then I heard a sob—or was it a sob? Maybe it was a bow drawn across taut strings. I heard a laugh—or was it a laugh? Maybe it was water cascading over jutting rocks. Yet I saw no bow and I saw no water. Was I going mad? It came again. Was it really music? Could notes be so beautiful, so sad, so vibrant, and be combined to form such a heart-rending melody? I prayed that it would go on forever. It changed from mood to mood. It seemed to tell a tale. I knelt down. Now I could hear more clearly. A voice came very softly, very sweetly. It was singing a lullaby of life.

First it sang of love, of the poignant sweetness of young love and then, after a while, of the great solace of philosophical love. It told of the appealing courtships of long ago. It told of coy, winsome young ladies with their ruffled white skirts daringly revealing a slender ankle; of tall, handsome lads, eager and yet afraid to whisper what their hearts were saying. It spoke of hatred, of war, of things ugly and sordid. It told of mothers sending their sons away, tearfully kissing them goodbye, praying for their safety, waiting for their return. It told of their joy in their sons arriving home, of their despair when they heard nothing of them, and of the hope that their boys might still be living.



Like some pulsing, living thing, the music changed its theme again and again. At times it was slow and melancholy, almost dwindling into nothingness. Then, just as I had a queer feeling of loss, that it had gone leaving something unfinished, it rose again in a swift succession of flutelike notes that gradually gave way to a raging torrent of sound that seemed to contain all the frustrated and pent-up feelings of the world. And then—then it ended.

The sky was now a burnt orange pregnant with the dawn of a new day. Dew had fallen, covering me with glistening tear drops. I was stunned, not yet able to comprehend the magnificence of what had happened. Then remembrance engulfed me. With the fantasy of a voice and a song, in an unearthly panorama of beauty I relived again. I was a slave to memory.

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## CURRENT BOOKS

*So Falls the Elm Tree*, by John Louis Bonn, S.J. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1940. 287 pages.

IN THIS biography of Mother Valencia, Father Bonn sought to sketch a human being, imperfections and all, rather than a ready-made saint. To this end, he chose the novelized form of biography. He fictionalized, as this form gave him the right so to do, a galaxy of minor characters, taking liberties with names, but telling the stark truth of incidents. The Preface, an informal letter to the dedicatee, Sister Jeanne Teresa, explains the author's purpose, and, unwittingly perhaps, portrays much of his own personality. It overtly shows his intense admiration and gratitude to Mother Valencia and to the same Sister Teresa.

In the hands of Father Bonn, this method of biography takes on an interest all its own. The pathos and humor of the opening situation, the tremendous foundation scene, is real. From Mother Valencia's first spoken English words, "I fix," addressed to the blunt friendliness of the McCrackens, the reader senses that he is in the presence of a remarkable personality, and that opinion grows more manifestly true as the tale unfolds. The naturalness and beauty of her great soul are shown in the early, trying days, by her sense of the ridiculous, her funny attempts to smooth out her fine French thought in the snarls of English words, her occasional lapses into discouragement, her sorrow at the death of "Jodie", her pain when she is forced to let one of the pioneers, Sister Elizabeth, return to her former work, because she has broken down under the almost superhuman difficulties and strain of the pioneer days. Like another Peter, Mother Valencia went to the Lord walking firmly over her difficulties, not sinking under them; because her "I fix" really meant in her soul translation, "God will fix"—and He always did. So the hospital grew from the little red house with its little red carpet, through wings, buildings, more wings, more buildings, until the completed St. Francis Hospital became one of the largest in New England. But the elm trees fell to accomplish this wonder. The elm tree! That was a symbol.

I shall not pause to recount the tragic, pathetic, often ludicrous, many times confusing incidents that formed the warp and woof of the fabric of the hospital life and routine. Nor shall I detail how the prerogative of "great" did not help the powerful Surgeon when he shirked his duty; nor again, how the understanding mother touch subdued the rebel nurse; nor shall I stay on the exhibition of her magnificent love and heroic renunciation of the "so-small" Francis. It were a very folly to take such scenes from their context; it is there that they must be read for their own proper savoring.

The most unusual part of Father Bonn's book is not to be found in the delicate charm of his story, nor in the captivating personalities of its chief figures. Rather, it is in the symbolism of the elm tree. "The tree became a symbol to her—something more. She felt that she understood it as it understood her. Its own growth had been so leisurely, so unnoticed. It could not help but understand that although from the first moment of her assignment to this new land she had accepted the idea of haste, of forced, hot-house growth, in her heart she preferred the steady, maturing process that Nature has outlined. . . . It was a strong

thing that you could lean against when you were weary." The elm tree soon became "my tree". It took on something of a life within its symbol. It did something as a living symbol to her own living. Her robust spirituality swept its leaning help away when the needs of the hospital demanded expansion, and that expansion meant the felling of the elm trees. After Mother Valencia's funeral, Sister Teresa, closest knit to the Mother's own soul, fixes the symbol in telling words: "The soft snow fell on the elm boughs, quietly, white, bending them down with the weight it put upon them, till the elm seemed like an old woman, tired, bending at last beneath the burden of the winter storm." Such is Mother Valencia's last earthly appearance.

My pen is not capable of tracing words that will fix the strange, mystical experience that Mother Valencia received from the good God in the land of her native Savoy. But I can feel it a little, and can tabulate it as a soul portrait of one of the chosen few who enter into these mystic paths on to union with God.

This book is worthy of a steady growth in the hearts and minds of a loving public. It will ever remain a splendid tribute to the Sisters of St. Joseph, to St. Francis Hospital, and to Mother Valencia.

*Anna E. Higgins, '41*

*The Tremaynes and the Masterful Monk*, by Owen Francis Dudley. New York: Longmans & Company, 1940. 332 pages.

IN THIS latest novel, Owen Dudley works out the thesis, the powers of Darkness versus the powers of Light. The power of Darkness is symbolized by Gordon Tremayne, the blatant sadist who, in the conclusion of the tale, surrenders wholly and completely to the powers of Light working through the medium of Father Anselm Thornton, the monk.

The scene is laid in the English country-side. The monk who is on vacation, comes in contact with the Tremaynes. His work is to disentangle the snarls in the lives of these Tremaynes. The elder brother, Gordon, partly through heredity, but largely through his own sadistic leanings, devotes his energies to the systematic attempts to break down the will and nerve of his brother and his own wife. Gordon's method of attack is ingenious in its stark cruelty and viciousness. He chips away



at their self-confidence, tries to shatter their vital force, so that in the end they will succumb to the deadly calculations of his evil thought.

The obvious horror of such a theme (the author calls it a tale of horror and of love) is assuaged by the introduction of a group of delightful children, relatives of Gordon's wife, into the story. While the monk is with them, he is one of them in artless childlikeness. Their purpose, however, is not altogether one of horror-relief; they have a very definite work to do: they are to be a means of naïve but successful prayerful intercession for a soul obsessed by diabolic agency.

After Gordon has almost completed his nefarious schemes, to ruin his wife and his brother by his evil suggestion, the reversal of the pattern of the story is in evidence. Gordon, for the time being in the power of the monk and his own brother, is made to undergo the same experiences that he inflicted upon his victims. He here exposes his fundamental trait, that of abject cowardice towards the suffering of physical pain. He cringes under concentratedly-applied bodily chastisement. Next, after his own method, mental anguish is tried out on him. Fear, suspense, chagrin, despair, each claims him in turn and together. He is, at last, cowed into submission, but not morally converted. Grace must do this. The purpose of the novel is here exposed. The ultimate struggle is in the depths of Gordon's own soul. Finally, grace triumphs; Calvary scores again. The monk, at the close, is master, but as the recognized instrument of God's all-embracing love. Without this potent factor, the novel would have been championing a lost cause.

The novel is written in the straightforward, direct manner peculiar to Owen Dudley's writing. It is nervous writing, at times almost elliptical in its swiftness. The author employs a "movie" trick, the insertion of flashbacks. They retard the progress, clutter up the narrative, but give (as they are presumably intended to do) a glimpse at characters in his other novels, who had been dominated by a masterful monk, or had exerted a peculiar influence upon him. At any rate, they hinder the smooth-moving flow of the narrative.

The characters are types, rather grooved to a preconceived plot development. This novelist is frankly propagandist. In spite of the matter and form not being edged, Owen Dudley writes an interesting, provocative, and at times, a nerve-racking, and frightful story. He is busy telling a good story, however, though that is not all of his business. He uses fiction as a ladder upon which he will ascend to moral heights; but we

always see the ladder, and we ultimately reach the heights. That accomplished, his novel ends.

In spite of this book's falling short of the art standards of the traditional "novel" it will afford any reader much pleasure, and upon occasion thrills of sensation and emotion.

*Helen E. McEttrick, '41*

*Mrs. Miniver*, by Jan Struther. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1940. 288 pages.

HAVE you ever wondered just what the windshield wiper is saying, speculated on the private life of a footman at a dinner party, or worked out a system for passing through swinging doors in the Christmas rush? Have you marvelled at the beauty of sky rockets bursting in the air, pondered whether red, green, and yellow traffic lights are psychologically affecting people, or snatched at bits of half remembered poetry to clarify a personal emotion or impression? If you are mentally nodding your head, let me introduce to you, "Mrs. Miniver".

While radio and newspaper are screaming war, and the fate of nations may rest in the hands of one man; charming, endearing, Mrs. Miniver enters the London scene via the pen of Jan Struther, a writer gifted in making the every day inconsequential things of life become suddenly important and significant.

Appearing originally as stories in "The Times", the "Mrs. Miniver" articles were later collected, and published by Harcourt, Brace and Company. In a series of succinct sketches, written matter-of-factly, humorously, Mrs. Miniver goes to tea, joins the Christmas rush, is fitted for a gas mask, buys a new engagement book, picnics with her unpredictable husband and charming children. Mrs. Miniver, faced with the tragedy of war, goes calmly on making the best of trying circumstances, facing a changing world philosophically. She is typically English, but essentially a woman familiar to all of us.

"Mrs. Miniver" is the kind of book that one may open at any chapter at any time, and find not only an excuse for a chuckle, but an astute observation that grasps the essence of things great and small. It is something more than humorous and entertaining; it is psychologically true and convincing.

When Mrs. Miniver says that she finds the spring "almost frightening in its perfection, as though for some reason it was meant to be a final performance, positively the last appearance on any stage", or when she wakes up in the morning feeling a "welter weight doom" for something to be dreaded, she makes one want to say:

"I know just how you feel, Mrs. Miniver, I have experienced the same thing myself." Therein lies the charm of the book. It strikes a personal note, it "strikes home" so to speak. It faces life with all its ups and downs, and finds that this world and its people are meant to be good.

It is relatively easy to write on dramatic incidents, on great tragedy, or rollicking comedy. It is another matter to make everyday habits, happenings and snatches of thought worth a reader's attention. A keen observation is needed, a vivid pen, and Jan Struther has such power, and wields such a pen. Mrs. Miniver is presented as a familiar figure, as a person to whom you have said "how do you do" often. Probably you have remarked to yourself that you would like the opportunity of knowing her better. You will find Mrs. Miniver not only an acquaintance, but a reflection of yourself.

By all means, if you are waiting for your cake to bake or for a tardy bus, read a chapter from "Mrs. Miniver." If you are tired of war news and serious documents, read "Mrs. Miniver". For if a while you think on her, dear friend, all losses will be restored and sorrows end.

Mary A. Elcock, '41

*How Green Was My Valley*, by Richard Llewellyn. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1940. 495 pages.

IN THIS unusually beautiful novel, the author intended to show us the Welsh people, his own beloved race, their character, their habits, their peculiar idioms of speech, and the beauty of their country. Even a cursory reading of the book reveals how well he has accomplished this purpose.

The story is told by Huw Morgan, the youngest son of a Welsh miner. He details incidents of his happy childhood, when his father and brothers received many golden sovereigns each week for their work in the mines, and the shadow of the slag heap was still far from them. Among his most treasured memories is the picture of his father, reading aloud to his



family the English classics. As time goes, tragedy enters his life; the peaceful family circle is broken up when the members marry, die, or move away. Huw endures much petty persecution at school, and his father suffers through strikes at the mine. Finally, the slag heap reaches the Morgan house, and Huw, now a man in his sixties, must leave the home where he has spent all his life. On the eve of his departure, he is in a nostalgic mood, and relives those long ago days when his beloved valley was green and beautiful.

The characters in the book are many, but very well individuated. Here is not a motley crowd of Welsh miners, all alike, but a group of intensely alive people. Mr. Llewellyn, with a deft touch creates these people loving, hating, fighting, laughing, joying, and sorrowing. Through the whole gamut of emotions run their fierce pride of and loyalty for their country. The reader is under the sway of their emotions. He is, through their words and acts brought to a deeper and fuller appreciation of the miners' side in the struggle with the owners; and he is made acquainted with the high, noble ideals of the men who founded the unions. Although some try to instil communistic doctrines into the rank and file of the miners, yet the true feeling of the majority is expressed in Mr. Morgan's advice to Huw: "Those poor men down there (the agitators) are all after something they will never get. They will never get it because their way of asking is wrong. All things come from God, my son. All things are given by God, and to God you must look for what you will have. God gave us time to get His work done, and patience to support us while it is being done. There is your rod and staff. No matter what others may say to you, my son, look to God in your trouble."

The customs of the people in this little Welsh village are shown accurately. Their great respect for the conventions, the holiday ceremonial celebrations, the evening "sings" in which all the Valley blend their voices, and the welcome accorded the return of the native, are here described with sympathy and understanding. We get a true picture of the Welshman.

Richard Llewellyn's style and diction are exquisite in their simplicity. Many of the delightful Welsh idioms are here given, which add to the charm of the dialog. The descriptions are unusually vivid. One can actually visualize the mountain in its grandeur, its threatening aspects; the beautiful green valley; the river sparkling in the sunlight. He sees the slag heap growing, however; and feels that it embodies disaster for

the little village. The symbols of the mountain and the slag heap indicative of two opposing elements in the lives of the Welsh effectively bind all the incidents.

The format of the book is strikingly appropriate. "How Green Was My Valley" is a successfully tender portrayal of the Welsh people whom Richard Llewellyn knows and loves.

*Marie McCabe, '43*

*A Goodly Fellowship*, by Mary Ellen Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1939. 305 pages.

IN HER latest book, *A Goodly Fellowship*, an autobiographic record of thirty years spent in teaching, Mary Ellen Chase presents a delightful account of her career. In the Foreword, she strikes the key-note: "Teaching has been, and is, the good life to me." The happiness and vitality and humor that sparkle through these pages bear witness to the truth of this statement.

Miss Chase has very definite ideas about her profession. Her expression of these ideas and ideals makes her book interesting not only to those engaged in teaching, to whom she dedicated the book, but also to those who plan to enter upon these paths. One of her firmest beliefs is the great value of the classics in education, which she deems a necessity in the pursuit of higher learning. And this, when Latin and Greek are very fast disappearing from academic halls. In her defence of the classics, she is as like-minded as Raymond Grady, who in an article in *America*, bemoans the fact that Caesar and Virgil have been left behind in our mad rush for "progress." Miss Chase would find a goodly fellowship in the consensus of many modern professors of English Literature, who lament the difficulty that bristles around this field because of the students' lack of the classical tongues.

Telling of her first experience in a small country school in Maine, Miss Chase humorously describes the disciplinary measures she adopted. Madly flourishing a good stout strap (her father's parting gift to her as an asset in her success) she was "a veritable Maened in frenzy" as she "stormed up and down the narrow aisles".

It is interesting to note that many of the innovations of the "new" schools of education were taken as matters of course in rural schools

thirty years ago. They grew there out of the law of necessity. Then, enacting historical incidents, writing diaries in Latin, constructing the Roman forum in *papier maché* were not known as "projects", but were simply means employed by "born" teachers to make a group of restless children sit up and take notice.

In *A Goodly Fellowship*, Miss Chase emphasizes the fact that an enthusiasm for one's subject is absolutely necessary for anyone who would be a successful teacher. Miss Chase has proved her ability as a good teacher by the fact that she has been a successful professor of English at Smith College for the past thirteen years. Moreover, her enthusiasm for teaching and her love of English are clearly seen through the lucid and convincing writing that graces the pages of this very fine autobiography.

Marie McCabe, '43



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